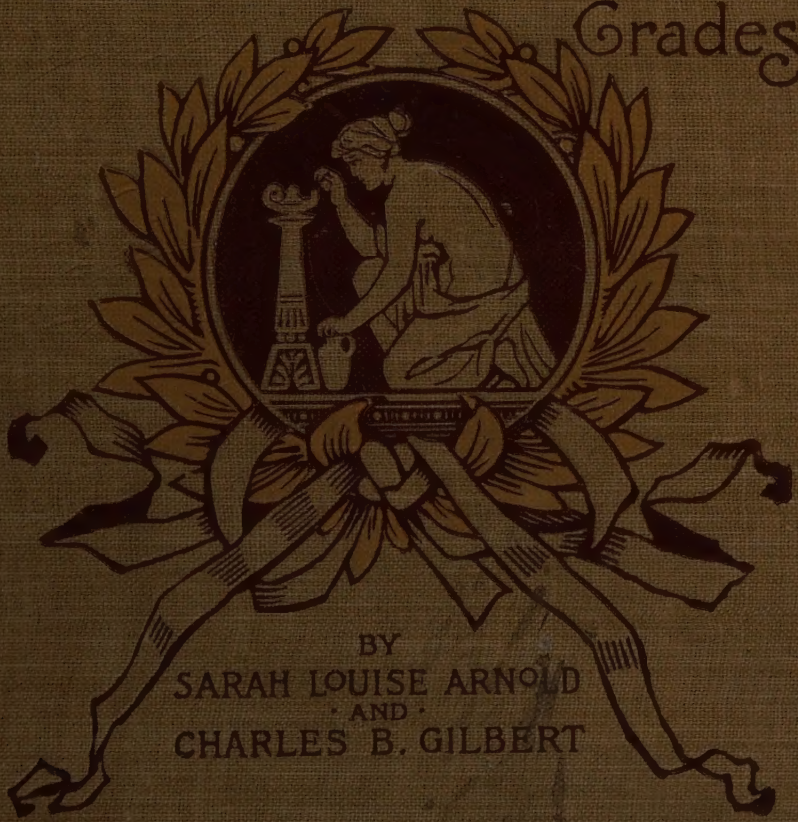
STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE

A Reader for Sixth Grades



BY
SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
AND
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FOOTBALL AT RUGBY. (Page 57.)

Stepping Stones to Literature

BY

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A Reader for Sixth Grades

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY,

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PREFACE

THIS series of books is designed to meet in particular two educational needs: *first*, reading books containing better literature than the average Reader contains; *second*, books adapted to the modern graded school. The ordinary series of Readers consists of five or six books, — the first three being composed of made matter, put together upon the theory that children can read only selections containing certain words. The remaining two or three books are composed partly of original matter and partly of short, disconnected selections from standard authors, — many of these selections not being suited to children of any age, and none of them being graded with reference to adaptation of language or thought.

In the present series, its authors have aimed to include nothing but good literature, the greater part being selected from standard writers; and in so far as possible the selections are given entire as they came from the writers' hands. In each book, beginning with the Fourth, are to be found some selections of considerable length, both in prose and poetry, complete as they were first published.

In those instances in which it has been found necessary to abbreviate articles, the authors have attempted to give complete chapters or such other selections as constitute in themselves literary wholes, and also to induce the pupils to read the entire books from which the selections are taken. This suggestion is deemed very important. The tendency of the day is to scrappy reading. It is fostered by newspapers, periodicals and compendia of literature; and it is hoped that these Readers will help to combat this unfortunate tendency, and lead to the reading of good books.

The second special feature of Stepping Stones to Literature is their perfect adaptation to graded schools. The usual division of the higher Readers of a series into Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, is founded upon no principle thus far discovered. This series consists of eight books, one for each grade of the ordinary graded school system. It is believed that this feature will be of great value. It simplifies the work of the teacher, and makes it possible to correlate the reading with the other subjects in the school curriculum.

In the Fourth Book the child is given his first distinct introduction to mythology. In the earlier books, fables and fairy stories have been used, and there has been a little suggestion of mythology; but in the Fourth, myth and wonder — those subjects which appeal to the child's imagination and carry him out of his limited environment into a larger world — are emphasized. We believe that this is in accord with whatever truth exists in the culture epoch theory of education.

It also makes a suitable and natural introduction to the historical matter, of which a greater proportion appears in the higher books. The connection between this matter and that in the lower books is furnished by two fables, "The Fox and the Cat" and "The Fox and the Horse," and by such humorous poems as "That Calf" and "The Cow and the Ass." These lead, on the one side, to the Nature readings both in verse and prose; on the other side, they lead directly to the myth, and the myth introduces the child easily and naturally to history, — the Hiawatha myth, for example, making an excellent introduction to American history, and the Greek myth, to ancient history. The selection from "Aladdin" belongs to that class of purely imaginative literature which all children read and enjoy.

In the Fifth Book the use of the myth which is found in the Fourth is continued, but the myths here used are mainly historical, leading directly to the study of history. Here is given an acquaintance with the mythology of our Norse forefathers, and also with the semi-mythological literature of western Europe. This is followed by some selections of a more definitely historical character than any given in the Fourth. The purely imaginative literature — as, for example, "The King of the Golden River" — is of an order better adapted to the advancing age of the child, and has a more distinctly æsthetic and ethical purpose. Nature readings are continued, and several selections of a patriotic character are given as an introduction to the considerable amount of reading of this class found in the Sixth and Seventh books.

In the Sixth Book the pure myth does not appear, but in its place is much of history, especially of the legendary lore which appeals to the developing imagination of the child, — such as the tales of ancient Rome and Scott's poems.

There is a large increase of matter which tends to stimulate patriotism, including particularly national songs. Here appear several selections from that sort of literature which requires thought and develops taste, such as "The Voyage to Lilliput." Here also are found some appeals to the child's natural love of adventure and sports. The ethical motive is plainly evident throughout this book.

The Seventh Book is made entirely of selections from American authors. It is intended for the grade in which most stress is usually laid upon the study of the history of the United States, and can very appropriately be used in connection with this study. The literature of a country cannot be separated from its history, and the natural connection between these two should be emphasized in all study of either. This book is especially rich in matter intimately connected with history, and tending to stimulate patriotism.

Here, more than in some of the other books, selections have been made from longer works, and it is hoped that the teachers will urge the children to read the works entire.

The Eighth Book is made wholly from the writings of English authors. In many schools the study of English history is introduced in this grade. In such schools the selections here given will be found appropriate. Even in those schools in which the history of England is not specifically studied, it is of necessity studied incidentally in connection with the history of our own country, and a familiarity with the writings of the best English authors is essential to a comprehension of the writings of our own. The selections here given, while especially appropriate for use in connection with the study of history, are made from standard authors, such as every intelligent boy and girl should read for their own value.

The authors believe that if these Readers are used wisely, according to the plan suggested, they will not only help to make better readers of the children of the schools, but will also aid in a wise correlation of studies, will cultivate taste, stimulate a love of good literature, and, through literature, bring within reach of the children the choicest treasures of the world.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE purpose of this series of books is indicated by its name, Stepping Stones to Literature. The aim of the authors was to make the formalities of reading subordinate to its real end, which is the acquisition of thought from the printed page. It is urged, therefore, that you aim not first to teach children how to read, and then incidentally to give them some acquaintance with good literature; but that you seek primarily and chiefly to acquaint your pupils with literature as such, and secondarily to teach them the technique of reading. You will find, if you follow this plan, that not only will the first object be gained, but that the children will learn the art of reading much better than when the chief emphasis is placed upon this art.

In a book composed of good literature, words should be studied only as they occur in the text, and as their study is necessary to an understanding of the text. Such study is doubtless important, but great care should be taken to prevent its interference with the real object of reading, which is acquaintance with literature.

The study of literature should not be confused with the study of the biographies of authors. Acquaintance with the lives and personal traits of authors is often interesting, and frequently throws light upon their writings, yet its value is but secondary at best; children, especially, should give their chief attention to the writings themselves. Let them read freely and abundantly, until they become absorbed in their reading. Do not interrupt them too frequently with criticisms. In no case spoil a reading lesson by introducing the study of technique for its own sake. Remember always that the ends to be secured are a love for good literature and the storing of the mind with noble ideals.

While the selections in this series of Readers are, in so far as possible, literary wholes, in many cases it has been necessary to abbreviate. Sometimes chapters have been taken out of books, the chapters in themselves constituting complete productions. In all cases of abbreviation, it is urged that the attention of the children be called to the books from which the selections are made, and that they be advised to read them entire. Lead the children to the use of the public library through their reading lessons.

The ends above set forth, included in the term "the mastery of books," are of course the real objects of all reading. They are secured by what is known as silent reading, whereas the school reading lesson consists in reading aloud. The object of the latter is twofold: *first*, the making plain to the teacher that children are capable of mastering books; *second*, instruction in the art of oral reading. While this art is not, as it is often treated, of primary importance, but wholly secondary, it is yet important, and should receive careful attention.

Good oral reading includes both intellectual and physical elements. The first implies clear and sympathetic comprehension of the subject matter, so that the reader is able to impart it to others as if it were original with himself. The second involves a mastery of the various physical organs used in reading. The common advice, "Read as if you were talking," is correct if the pupil talks correctly, — that is, it covers the first point, "sympathetic knowledge of the subject matter;" but in this country, where the voices and modes of speech are proverbially bad, it does not cover the second.

First, then, be sure that the children understand what they are reading. Try to secure their interest in it, and then expect them to read it to you as if they were imparting fresh and valuable information. This requires a thorough knowledge of the text and context, and the free use of the dictionary and other reference books. The children should read their school reading lessons as they would read any book on any occasion, because they are interested in what the book contains.

Second, see to it that the children become masters of those portions of the body which are used in reading, so that when they comprehend what they are reading, they can impart it to others in a natural, pleasing, and lucid manner. Practically, the entire body is used in good reading. Specifically, the points to be carefully observed are *carriage* or *position* of the various parts of the body, *proper breathing*, *clear enunciation*, *correct pronunciation*, and *quality of voice*.

1. **Carriage.** The body should be erect, so that a vertical line passes through the ears, the shoulders, the hips, and the heels. This position should not be stiff, but all the muscles should be free, so that the various members can move gracefully and readily as may be required. To secure this freedom, calisthenic exercises are useful.

2. **Breathing.** The breathing should be deep rather than superficial. It is often well, before a reading lesson, to have the class stand in correct position and draw in through their nostrils — not through their mouths — as deep and as full breaths as they are capable of taking. This exercise repeated several times will tend to produce good breathing during the reading lesson. Children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils, and to use the diaphragm and the muscles of the

abdomen in breathing even more than those of the chest. They should be taught to take in new breaths before the supply of air is exhausted to such a degree as to affect the voice.

3. **Enunciation.** Few children enunciate all sounds distinctly. If you watch children carefully, you will find that some have difficulty with vowels, others with consonants. Special drill exercises should be given to classes to cover general deficiencies, and to individuals to meet particular needs.

4. **Correct Pronunciation.** This is determined by the usage of good authors. To avoid errors it is necessary to consult frequently some standard dictionary, with which every class room should be supplied.

5. **The Quality of the Voice.** Another consideration to which it is necessary to give careful attention is the quality of the voice. It is said that very few Americans have agreeable voices. This is a serious national defect. No one who has felt the charm of a rich, full, gentle voice needs to be told the importance of training the voices of children.

Special attention should be given to timbre, pitch, and inflection. Strive to cultivate in your children full, rich voices. In reading, give careful heed to appropriateness of vocalization, — that is, see that the children use the proper quality of tone and the right inflections to express the feeling of what they are reading. Good reading is a beautiful art, and cannot be secured by obedience to technical laws merely. It can only be secured by constant watchfulness and care on the part of both pupil and teacher.

THE READING LESSON AND ITS USES.

READING is the key of a school curriculum. It opens to the pupil not only the treasures of literature, but also all that portion of his education which he obtains through the use of books. Hence, the importance of teaching it well, and from the right point of view, which is that of its content.

Reading as an art gets its value not from itself, but from the use to which it is put.

Through the reading lesson, the teacher has a wider opportunity for influencing the child's life than through any other study.

First. She can make it a means for the better comprehension of the other subjects of his curriculum. This is a simple, but practical and important, use.

Many a failure in geography, history, and arithmetic is due to the inability of the children to read understandingly the text-books upon those subjects.

The teaching of reading should by no means be confined to the use of School Readers. Every lesson employing a book should be a reading lesson. The teacher should see to it that the pupils are able to read the books they are required to use. They should often be asked to read aloud in class from various text-books.

Not only so, but they should be led to trace out and see the relations of the subject in hand to the other subjects of their school course, to literature, and to life. Excursions should be made continually into related fields of fact and idea, to be found in the Readers and in other available literature.

It is not the purpose of the authors that one of these higher Readers be read through consecutively. The selection to be read on any particular day should be chosen to meet some immediate need of the pupils, as determined by the geography, history, language, or nature lesson, or by its appropriateness to the mental or moral condition of the children.

The reading lesson should often constitute a part of the lesson upon some other subject. While the pupils are interested in some subject belonging to a particular branch of study, at once, as a part of the exercise in that study, the class should read appropriate selections from STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE or from other books bearing directly upon the subject.

It is important that children acquire early the habit of looking upon reading and all other arts as means to ends, and not as ends.

Second. The reading lesson enables the teacher to introduce the child to the true study of literature. All literature, whether found in these Readers or elsewhere, should be treated with the respect worthy of its dignity, and not as mere material for a reading exercise.

Every literary production used for a reading lesson should be approached by the teacher and the class as a treasure-house of fact, idea, or beauty. Its excellencies, whether of matter or style, should be made apparent by discovery on the part of the children, if possible.

The reading lesson should be primarily a literature lesson. The children should regard it as a search after hidden treasures, and through it they should learn how to approach books, and what to look for in reading. They should be taught to distinguish superiority of style, to see the beauty and aptness of figures of speech, to discover the fine shades of thought and feeling which the author has brought out by his choice of words. They should be led to consider literature not only intrinsically, but extrinsically as well. They should find out the relations of the literary production to the author's own life, to contemporaneous events, to history, to other facts and ideas within the child's range of vision, to other literature, and to life. Especially should they be directed to other reading similar in style, thought, or subject.

Third. Through the reading lesson the teacher can to a large degree direct the general reading of her class, not only in school but at home. This is one of its most valuable functions. Children read poor or vicious books because they do not know others, or do not know how much more interesting the better books are.

The reading lesson should lead to literary voyages of discovery to the public library and other sources of supply. Through it, children should become accustomed to the use of books, and be led to love them.

Care should be taken that the books suggested be within the range of the children's comprehension and interest. It is well for the teacher occasionally to take the class to the library and show them how to find what they need, and then to send them often for books for their individual use and that of the class.

By these and other means, the reading lesson may be used to clarify and amplify the treatment of all the subjects of the curriculum, to teach the child discrimination in regard to literature, to cultivate his taste for the truly excellent, and to introduce him wisely, pleasantly, and permanently to the world of books, and through books to a richer life.

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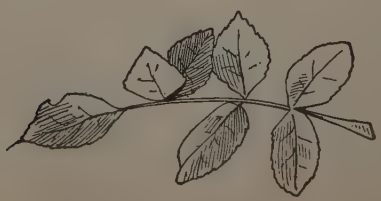

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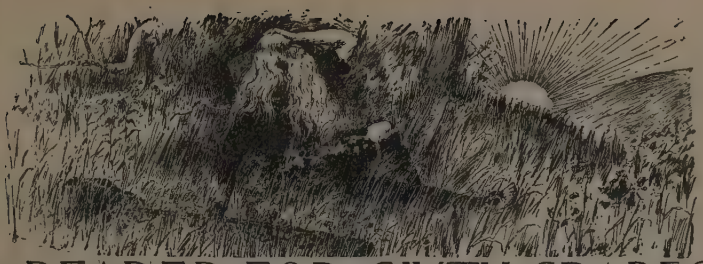
A READER FOR SIXTH GRADES

SUNNYSIDE, IRVING'S HOME ON THE HUDSON.



A READER FOR SIXTH GRADES

I. WASHINGTON IRVING.

(1783–1859.)

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was one of the first of American writers who can really be called great. He wrote histories, biographies, essays, and stories. His essays are, perhaps, the works by which he is best known. Mr. Irving was never married, but made a home for some nieces who were left poor.

He was very much admired and loved, both in our own country and in foreign lands, where he was known not only for his ability as a writer, but also for his kindly spirit, gentle and modest manner, and really noble character. His home was called "Sunnyside," and stood in a beautiful spot on the bank of the Hudson River, not many

miles above New York. In the Catskill Mountains, which were his near neighbors, were laid the scenes of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," two of his most famous sketches, which are both given in these Readers.

The following sketch of Mr. Irving was written by William Makepeace Thackeray, a famous English novelist, who greatly admired our American writer: —

"In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British, almost Irish, virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. Every large city has its 'Irving House.' The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press, who took notes of the place whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

"And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, — nay, millions; when his profits were known to be large, and the

habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

"Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told, — I saw two of these ladies at his house, — with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius.

"'Be a good man, my dear.' One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters,[1] who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood. I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in

[1] Sir Walter Scott on his deathbed.

our service as well as theirs, and as they have placed a stone at Greenwich yonder in memory of that gallant young Bellot who shared the perils and fate of some of our Arctic seamen, I would like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters, in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving."

II. RIP VAN WINKLE.

By Washington Irving.

PART I.

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill[1] Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, — indeed, every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapor about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from the village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees just where the

[1] **Kaats'kill**, now spelled Cats'kill.

blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the near landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the exact truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow by the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtue of patience and long suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked these matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and to play marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip Van Winkle's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and as heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, and even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps and up hill and down dale to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands and to do such little odd jobs as their less-obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

From a photograph, by special permission.

RIP VAN WINKLE

As impersonated by Joseph Jefferson.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm: it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his field than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do: so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and as wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of this kind, and that,

by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces and take to the outside of the house, — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so much astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Time grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only instrument that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty, George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long summer's day, talking listlessly over the village gossip or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any states-

man's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when, by chance, an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at last routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was the august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of

this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labor of his farm and the clamor of his wife was to take his gun in hand, and to stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shall never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent and majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip

lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountains. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely, unfrequented place; but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin strapped round his waist; several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and help him

with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing ninepins. They were dressed in quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of a nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and

colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so

often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

PART II.

ON waking,[1] he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes, — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep, — the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away for a squirrel or a partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself

[1] Twenty years had elapsed since he lay down to sleep.

stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of the opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities.

What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for the want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock,

From a photograph, by special permission.

RIP VAN WINKLE AFTER THE TWENTY-YEARS SLEEP
AS IMPERSONATED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too — not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance — barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows, — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance: there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van

Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears, — he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn, — but it was gone too. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes, — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, and a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter; the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair, long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and the left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone,

what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders, — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, he demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where 's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that 's rotten and gone too."

"Where 's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say that he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I do n't know, — he never came back again."

"Where 's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, — was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at the hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and matters which he could not understand: war, — Congress, — Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that 's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld an exact counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain, — apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, or whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of this bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I 'm not myself — I 'm somebody else — that 's me yonder — no — that 's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they 've changed my gun, and everything is changed, and I 'm changed, and I can't tell what 's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the crowd to get a peep at the graybearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to

cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does anybody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle; it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when

they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head, — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of that province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half Moon, being permitted in this way to visit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that

used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his own business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor, — how there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England; and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty, George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician: the changes of state and empire made but little impression upon him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, — which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It was at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon, about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

III. LADY CLARE.

By Alfred Tennyson.

(1809–1892.)

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put *my* child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse.
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse.
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

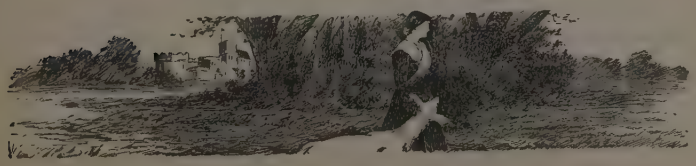
"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood;
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."



IV. LOCHINVAR.

By Sir Walter Scott.

(1771–1832.)

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best.
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed of the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

V. THE SLAVE-MAKING INSTINCT IN ANTS.

By Charles Robert Darwin.

(1809–1882.)

THIS remarkable instinct was first discovered in the brown ants by Pierre Huber, a better observer even than his celebrated father. This ant is absolutely dependent on its slaves; without their aid the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do no work of any kind; and the workers, or sterile females, though most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves, do no other work. They are incapable of making their own nests or of feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and they have to migrate, it is the slaves that determine the migration, and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their own larvæ and pupæ to stimulate them to work, they did nothing; they could not even feed themselves, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave, and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors, made some cells and tended the larvæ, and put all to rights. What can be more extraordinary than these well-ascertained facts? If we had not known of any other slave-making ant, it would have been hopeless to speculate how so wonderful an instinct could have been perfected.

Another species, a red ant, was likewise first discovered by Huber to be a slave-making ant. This species

is found in the southern part of England, and its habits have been attended to by Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, to whom I am much indebted for information on this and other subjects. Although fully trusting in the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a skeptical frame of mind, as any one may well be excused for doubting the existence of so extraordinary an instinct as that of making slaves. Hence I will give the observations which I made in some little detail. I opened fourteen nests of red ants, and found a few slaves in all. Males and fertile females of the slave species are found only in their own proper communities, and have never been observed in the nests of red ants. The slaves are black, and not above half the size of their red masters, so that the contrast in their appearance is great. When the nest is slightly disturbed the slaves occasionally come out, and, like their masters, are much agitated, and defend the nest; when the nest is much disturbed and the larvæ and pupæ are exposed, the slaves work energetically with their masters in carrying them away to a place of safety. Hence it is clear that the slaves feel quite at home.

During the months of June and July, on three successive years, I watched for several hours many nests in Surrey and Sussex, and never saw a slave either leave or enter a nest. As, during these months, the slaves are very few in number, I thought they might behave differently when more numerous; but Mr. Smith informs me that he has watched the nests at various hours during May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and has never seen the slaves, though present in large numbers in August, either leave or enter the nest. Hence he considers them as strictly house-

hold slaves. The masters, on the other hand, may be constantly seen bringing in materials for the nests, and food of all kinds.

During the year 1860, however, in the month of July, I came across a community with an unusually large stock of slaves, and I observed a few slaves mingled with their masters, leaving the nest and marching along the same road to a tall Scotch fir tree, twenty-five yards distant, which they ascended together, probably in search of aphides or cocci. According to Huber, who had ample opportunities for observation, the slaves in Switzerland habitually work with

their masters in making nests, and they alone open and close the doors in the morning and evening; and, as Huber expressly states, their principal office is to search for aphides. This difference in the usual habits of the slaves and their masters in the two countries probably depends merely on the slaves being captured in greater numbers in Switzerland than in England.

One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of red ants from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spectacle to see the masters carefully carrying their slaves

in their jaws instead of being carried by them, as in the case of brown ants. Another day my attention was struck by about a score of the slave makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food; they approached and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave species, sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making red ants. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant; but they were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of black ants from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that, after all, they had been victorious in their late combat.

At the same time I laid on the same place a small parcel of the pupæ of another species (yellow ants), with a few of these little yellow ants still clinging to the fragments of their nest. This species is sometimes, though rarely, made into slaves, as has been described by Mr. Smith. Although so small a species, it is very courageous, and I have seen it ferociously attack other ants. In one instance I found, to my surprise, an independent community of yellow ants under a stone beneath a nest of the slave-making red ants; and when I had accidentally disturbed both nests, the little ants attacked their big neighbors with surprising courage. Now I was curious to ascertain whether red ants could distinguish the pupæ of black ants, which they habitually make into slaves, from those of the little and furious yellow ants, which they rarely capture, and it was evident that they did at once distinguish them; for we have seen that they eagerly and instantly seized the pupæ of black ants,

whereas they were much terrified when they came across the pupæ or even the earth from the nest of the yellow ants, and quickly ran away; but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ.

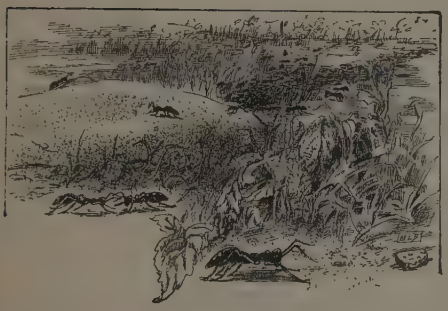
One evening I visited another community of red ants, and found a number of ants returning home and entering the nests, carrying the dead bodies of black ants (showing that it was not a migration) and numerous pupæ. I traced a long file of ants burdened with booty, for about forty yards back, to a very thick clump of heath, whence I saw the last individual of the red ants emerge carrying a pupa; but I was not able to find the desolated nest in the thick heath. The nest, however, must have been close at hand, for two or three black ants were rushing about in the greatest agitation, and one was perched motionless with its own pupa in its mouth on the top of a spray of heath, an image of despair over its ravaged home.

Such are the facts, though they do not need confirmation by me, in regard to the wonderful instinct of making slaves. Let it be observed what a contrast the instinctive habits of the red ants present with those of the continental brown ants. The latter does not build its own nest, does not determine its own migrations, does not collect food for itself or its young, and cannot even feed itself: it is absolutely dependent on its numerous slaves. The red ants, on the other hand, possess much fewer slaves; the masters determine when and where a new nest shall be formed, and when they migrate the masters carry the slaves. Both in Switzerland and in England the slaves seem to have the exclusive care of the larvæ, and the masters alone go on slave-making expeditions.

VI. ANECDOTES ABOUT ANTS.

By Sir John Lubbock.

(1834– .)



THE behavior of ants towards one another differs much, according to circumstances,—whether, for instance, they are alone, or supported by friends. An ant which would run away, in the first case, will defend itself bravely in the second.

On one occasion several ants belonging to one of my nests were feeding on some honey, spread on a slip of glass. One of them had got thoroughly entangled in it. I took her and put her down in front of another individual belonging to the same nest, and close by I placed a drop of honey.

The ant devoted herself entirely to the honey, and neglected her friend, whom she left to perish. I then chloroformed one, and put her on the board among her friends. Several touched her, but while I watched them for two or three hours, none took any particular notice of her.

On the other hand, I have only on one occasion seen a living ant expelled from her nest. I observed once an ant carrying another belonging to the same community away from the nest. The condemned ant made a very feeble resistance.

The first ant carried her burden hither and thither for some time, evidently trying to get away from the nest, which was inclosed by a barrier of fur. After watching for some time, I provided the ant with a paper bridge, up which she immediately went, dropped her victim on the far side, and returned home. Could this have been a case in which an aged or invalid ant was being expelled from the nest?

In order to test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another I made the following experiments. I took six ants from one of my nests and imprisoned them in a bottle, one end of which was covered with a layer of muslin. I then put the muslin close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently small to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only see one another, but could also communicate freely with their antennæ.

We now watched to see if the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not see, however, that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have been fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner.

Accordingly, I put two ants from one of my nests into a bottle the end of which was tied up with muslin as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In another bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably.

The whole day one, two, or more ants stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected around it, — a larger number than usually came out of the nest at one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were several ants around the bottle containing the strangers; while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends.

Seven days after, the ants had eaten through the muslin, and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot on the moment; but as I found two ants lying dead, — one in the bottle and one just outside, — I think there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected.

In one of my nests was an ant without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest; but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, and apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some specimens of the little yellow ant, that directly attacked her.

I at once set myself to separate them; but owing either to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to my rough though well-meant handling, or to both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from her nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up gently, and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any who witnessed this scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings.

Again, on another occasion, I perceived a poor ant lying on her back and quite unable to move. The legs were in

cramped attitudes, and the two antennæ rolled up in spirals. She was, of course, altogether unable to feed herself. After this I kept my eyes on her. Several times I tried uncovering the part of the nest where she was. The other ants soon carried her into the shaded part.

At the present time I have two other ants crippled in a similar manner, so that they are quite unable to move; but they have been tended and fed by their companions, the one for five, the other for four months.

I have made a number of experiments on the power of smell possessed by ants. I dipped camel's-hair brushes into peppermint water, essence of cloves, lavender water, and other strong scents, and suspended them about a quarter of an inch above the strips of paper along which the ants were passing in the experiments before recorded.

Under these circumstances, while some of the ants passed on without taking any notice, others stopped when they came close to the pencil, and, evidently perceiving the smell, turned back. Soon, however, they returned, and passed the scented pencil. After doing this two or three times, they generally took no further notice of the scent.

This experiment left no doubt on my mind; still, to make the matter even more clear, I experimented with ants placed on an isolated slip of paper. Over the paper, and at such a distance as almost, but not quite, to touch any ant that passed under it, I again suspended a camel's-hair brush dipped in lavender water, essence of cloves, and other scents.

In these experiments the results were very marked; and no one who watched the behavior of the ants under these circumstances could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell.

I then took a large queen ant, and fastened her on a board by a thread. When she had become quiet, I tried her with some tuning forks; but they did not disturb her in the least. I then advanced a feather very quietly, so as almost to touch first one and then the other of the antennæ, which, however, did not move.

I then dipped the pencil in essence of musk and tried again. The antenna was slowly drawn back. I then repeated the same with the other antenna. If I touched the antenna, the ant started away apparently smarting. I then experimented with essence of lavender, and with a second ant. The results were the same as before.

Many of my other experiments point to the same conclusion; and, in fact, there can be no doubt whatever that in ants the sense of smell is highly developed.

In order to test the intelligence of ants, it has always seemed to me that there is no better way than to ascertain some object which they would clearly desire, and then to interpose some obstacle which a little ingenuity would enable them to overcome. I therefore placed some larvæ in a cup, which I put on a slip of glass surrounded by water, but accessible to the ants by only one pathway, in which was a bridge consisting of a strip of paper two thirds of an inch long and one third of an inch wide.

Having then put a black ant from one of my nests near these larvæ, she began carrying them off, and by degrees a number of friends came to help her. I then, when about twenty-five ants were so engaged, moved the little paper bridge slightly, so as to leave a chasm just so wide that the ants could not reach across. They came and tried hard to do so; but it did not occur to them to push the paper bridge, though the distance was only about one third of an

inch, and they might easily have done so. After trying for about a quarter of an hour, they gave up the attempt and returned home. This I repeated several times.

Then, thinking that paper was a substance to which they were not accustomed, I tried the same with a bit of straw one inch long and one eighth of an inch wide. The result was the same. I repeated this more than once.

Again, I suspended some honey over a nest of yellow ants at a height of about half an inch, and accessible only by a paper bridge more than ten feet long. Under the glass I then placed a small heap of earth. The ants soon swarmed over the earth on to the glass and began feeding on the honey. I then removed a little of the earth, so that there was an interval of about one third of an inch between the glass and the earth; but, though the distance was so small, they would not jump down, but preferred to go down by the long bridge.

They tried in vain to stretch up from the earth to the glass, which, however, was just out of their reach, though they could touch it with their antennæ; but it did not occur to them to heap the earth up a little, though if they had moved only half a dozen particles, they would have secured for themselves direct access to the food. At length they gave up all attempts to reach up to the glass, and went around by the paper bridge. I left the arrangement for several weeks, but they continued to go around by the long paper bridge.

Again, I varied the experiment as follows: Having left a est without food for a short time, I placed some honey on a small piece of wood, surrounded by a little moat of glycerine half an inch wide and about one tenth of an inch in depth. Over this moat I then placed a paper bridge, one

end of which rested on some fine mold. I then put an ant on to the honey, and soon a little crowd was collected around it.

I then removed the paper bridge; the ants could not cross the glycerine; they came to the edge and walked round and round, but were unable to get across, nor did it occur to them to make a bridge or bank of the mold which I had placed so conveniently for them. I was the more surprised at this, on account of the ingenuity with which they avail themselves of the earth for constructing their nests.

For instance, wishing, if possible, to avoid the trouble of frequently moistening the earth in my nests, I supplied one of my communities with a frame containing, instead of earth, a piece of linen, one portion of which projected beyond the frame and was immersed in water. The linen then sucked up the water by capillary attraction, and thus the air in the frames was kept moist.

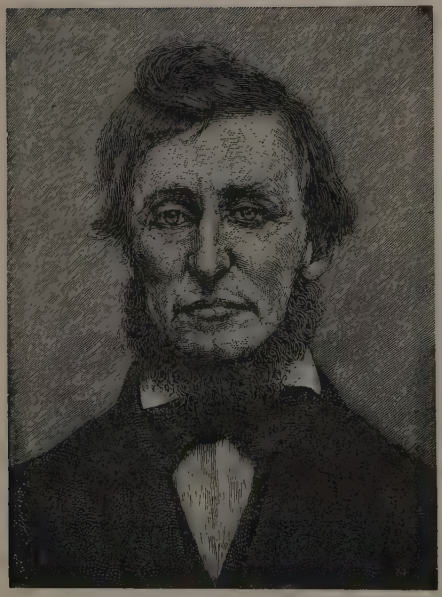
The ants approved of this arrangement, and took up their quarters in the frame. To minimize evaporation, I usually closed the frame all round, leaving only one or two small openings for the ants; but in this case I left the outer side of the frame open.

The ants, however, did not like being thus exposed; they therefore brought earth from some little distance, and built up a regular wall along the open side, blocking up the space between the upper and lower plates of glass, and leaving only one or two small openings for themselves. This struck me as very ingenious. The same expedient was, moreover, repeated under similar circumstances by the slaves belonging to my nest of Amazon ants.

VII. THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

(1817–1862.)



HENRY D. THOREAU.

HENRY D. THOREAU was an American author of great ability. He was a very strange man and had many queer notions. He believed that people could get along with very little money as well as with much, and that if they only gratified their necessary wants and had no luxuries, they would be happy. At one time he built with his own hands a little house in the woods, and lived there alone for some years, eating very little but what he could raise in his garden. He loved nature, and was a very close observer, as is clearly shown in the following account of the Battle of the Ants.

ONE day when I went to my wood pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, — the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, — fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with combatants; that it was not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, — a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle which I ever witnessed, the only battlefield that I ever trod while the battle was raging, — internecine war, the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw, on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least desire to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was, "Conquer, or die." In the mean while, there came along a red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, and who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle, — probably the

latter, for he had lost none of his limbs, — whose mother had charged him to return *with* his shield or *upon* it.

Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar, for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds. He drew near with rapid pace, till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprung upon his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members. And so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you look at it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the members engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed.

For numbers and carnage, it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. I have no doubt that it was a principle that they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the Battle of Bunker Hill at least.

I took up the chip on which the three which I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-

mentioned red ant, I saw that though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him, like ghastly trophies at his saddlebow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them, which at length, after half an hour or more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides,[1] I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage of a human battle before my door.

[1] **Hôtel des Invalides** (ō-tel'dā-zahn-vah-leed'), a great building in Paris established as a home for disabled and infirm soldiers.

VIII. FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

(1759–1796.)

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddon-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

IX. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

By Robert Browning. (1812–1889.)

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix," — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they 'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

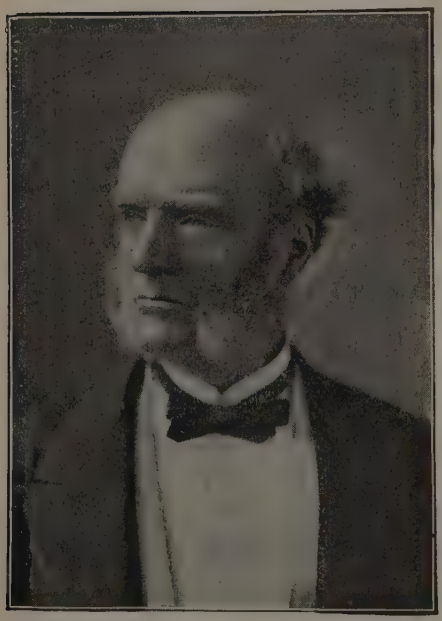
Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

X. FOOTBALL AT RUGBY.

By Thomas Hughes.

(1823–1896.)



THOMAS HUGHES.

"Tom Brown's School Days" is a book which every boy and girl should read, for, while it is a book about boys, it is interesting also to girls.

The school at Rugby, which Tom Brown in the story is attending, is one of the great English schools where hundreds of boys go every year. There are several of these great schools, some much larger than Rugby. At one time the school at Rugby was not a very good one, and was not well attended. When the directors placed in charge of it a young man named Thomas Arnold, people shook their heads wisely, and said Rugby was too hard a school for so young a man to manage; but Thomas Arnold had one quality which always wins, and that was manliness. He was a most honorable and manly man, who loved boys. Naturally, the boys loved him, and soon the school at Rugby, instead of being one of the poorest, became the best in all England, and Thomas Arnold became the best known schoolmaster in the world. Hundreds of boys who graduated from the school while he was its master looked up to him as the man who had given them their start in life, and who was always their ideal. Among these boys was Thomas Hughes. So greatly did he revere Dr. Arnold,

and so tenderly did he love the school, that, when he became a man, he wrote a book about them, and this book is "Tom Brown's School Days." The selection which is given you here is taken from the early part of the book. Tom Brown, a little boy, has just been entered at the school, and has made the acquaintance of a few other boys. This is his first football game. You will see, as you read, that the terms used and the manner of playing are quite different from those with which you are familiar in playing football, but they will show you the way the game was played in England.

"HOLD the punt about!" "To the goals!" are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up towards the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom amongst them, who are making for the goal under the schoolhouse wall, are the schoolhouse boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body, moving to the island goal, are the schoolboys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their jackets, and all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces, on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds. There is none of the color and tastiness of get-up, you will perceive, which lends such a life to the present game at Rugby, making the dullest and worst-fought match a pretty sight. Now each house has its own uniform of cap and jersey, of some lively color; but at the time we are speaking of, plush caps have not yet come in, or uniforms of any sort, except the schoolhouse white trousers, which are abominably cold to-day: let us get to work, bareheaded and girded with our plain leather straps — but we mean business, gentlemen.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen: they 're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it, either, — mark my word; for has n't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick-off? The new ball you may see lie there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing towards the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the schoolhouse side is drilled. You will see, in the first place, that the sixth form boy, who has the charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal posts, at distances of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play.

Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters: and now he moves away; see how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, half-way between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies: there is young Brooke and the bulldogs — mark them well — they are "the fighting brigade," "the die hards," larking about at leapfrog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick-off, you will see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to, — here Warner and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over

willing and worshiping subjects, a true football king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, — the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way. The goal keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and nohow; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight, it must take more than that to hinder them from winning, — and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look! there is a slight move forward of the schoolhouse wings; old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning towards the school goal; seventy yards before it touches the ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the schoolhouse cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back amongst the masses of the school already in motion. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got; you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo." This is what we call a scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a schoolhouse match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.[1] (*See Frontispiece.*)

[1] **The consulship of Plancus.** In ancient Rome the time of an event was frequently reckoned by giving the name of the consul, or chief officer, who was in office at the time. "In the consulship of Plancus" means during the year when Plancus was consul. It is here used humorously.

sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets the chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here come Speedicut, and Flashman the schoolhouse bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking-up, by the schoolhouse fire, with, "Old fellow, was n't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees!"

But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the schoolhouse, but to make us think that 's what you want, — a vastly different thing, and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it 's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you, — we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them: they are most useful players, — the dodgers, who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from amongst the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal; they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers; as endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing or not meeting a scrummage at football.

Three quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weights and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by

yard the schoolhouse have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bulldogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvelous knack of keeping his legs. The schoolhouse are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the Doctor's wall. The Doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the schoolhouse. We get a minute's breathing-time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bulldogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of, "In touch," "Our ball." Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another; he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother.

Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it. The school leaders rush back shouting, "Look out in goal," and stretch every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the goal posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bulldogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, but the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school

fags[1] to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal posts.

The school leaders come up furious, and administer toco to the wretched fags nearest at hand; they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard Street[2] to a china orange that the schoolhouse kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke, of course, will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby: if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm, motioning the school back; he will not kick out until they are all in goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forwards, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over, and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the schoolhouse goal. Fond hope, it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance; but there they stand five deep, ready to rush the moment

[1] **fags.** The small boys in the old English schools were obliged to act as servants to the larger boys, who ordered them about as they pleased, and even whipped them if they did not mind. The small boy thus serving the larger one was called his *fag*.

[2] **Lombard Street** is the street in London where many of the banks are situated. It stands here for great wealth.

the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones, — he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the schoolhouse players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal keepers under the Doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour, — such a thing has n't been done in the schoolhouse match this five years.

"Over!" is the cry: the two sides change goals, and the schoolhouse goal keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school; the most openly triumphant of them, amongst whom is Tom, a schoolhouse boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth form boy, kindest and safest of goal keepers, has been able to do to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

At this moment Griffith, the itinerant vender of oranges from Hill Morton, enters the close with his heavy baskets; there is a rush of small boys upon the little pale-faced man, the two sides mingling together subdued by the great Goddess Thirst, like the English and French by the streams in the Pyrenees. The leaders are past oranges and apples, but some of them visit their coats and apply ginger beer

bottles to their mouths. One short, mad rush, and then a stitch in the side, and no more honest play; that's what comes of those bottles.

But now Griffith's baskets are empty, the ball is placed again midway, and the school are going to kick off. Their leaders have sent their number into goal and rated the rest soundly, and one hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They are to keep the ball in front of the schoolhouse goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake; and so old Brooke sees, and places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or five picked players, who are to keep the ball away to the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the chargers.

"Are you ready?" — "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the school time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are amongst us. Meet them like Englishmen, you schoolhouse boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what mettle is in you — and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honor, and lots of bottled beer to-night, for him who does his duty in the next half-hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal, and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bulldogs, break through and carry the ball back. And old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war horse; the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball, and it

rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away toward the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for: the whole sum of schoolboy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour,—a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the island side, where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulder as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball rises straight into the air, and falls behind Crew's back, while the bravoes of the schoolhouse attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal, conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defense of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, the ball well down amongst them, straight for our goal, like the column of the old guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bulldogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play,

and, turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrummage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment, — he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal!" Crab Jones catches it for a moment, but before he can kick, the rush is upon him and passes over him; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the schoolhouse goal not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

There stand the schoolhouse præpositor, safest of goal keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column,— the præpositor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præpositor, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcass. "Our ball," says the præpositor, rising with his prize; "but get up there, — there 's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says; and then, feeling his limbs, adds, "No bones broken. How do you feel, young 'un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom, as his wind comes back; "pretty well, thank you — all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke. "Oh, it 's Brown, — he 's a new boy; I know him," says East, coming up.

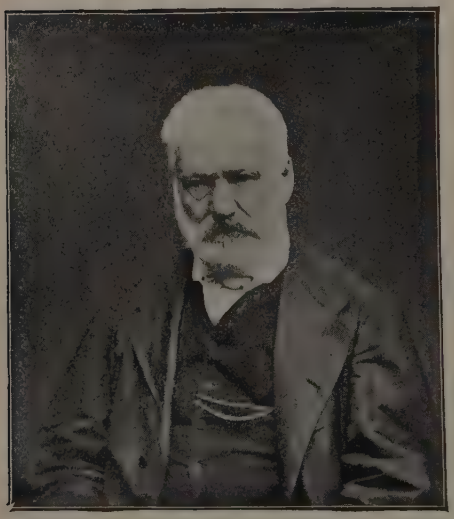
"Well, he 's a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side" is called, and the first day of the schoolhouse match is over.

From "Tom Brown's School Days."

XI. CONTEST BETWEEN A MAN AND A CANNON.

By Victor Hugo.



VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo (1802–1885) was one of the greatest writers of France,—some think the greatest. He wrote chiefly poems and novels, in a singularly clear and forceful style. The following account of a battle between a man and a cannon on shipboard is taken from a book entitled "Ninety-three," all of which is most interesting reading, especially for those who are fond of history.

As you will understand, the works of Victor Hugo were all written in the French language, and afterward translated into English.

CHAPTER I.

ONE of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents.

Nothing more terrible can happen to a ship of war at sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard ball, rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate, resumes its course, rushes from end to end along the ship like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, roars, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover: the battering ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty; one might say that this eternal slave avenges itself; it seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts out suddenly; it has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution: nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate.

The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ax, the unexpectedness of the wave, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl, abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it? You can make a mastiff hear reason, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; there is no resource with that monster, — a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it; it is dead, and at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life

bestowed upon it by Infinity. The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality.

How assail this fury of complication? How fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its coming and going, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows on the sides may stave out the vessel. How divide its awful gyrations? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, which seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship has, so to speak, lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; something like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the gunner's, who had neglected to tighten the screw-nut of the mooring chain, and had badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade; this had given play to the sole and frame, separated the platform, and had ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching, which prevents recoil, was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, badly fastened, had recoiled and burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about between decks.

Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, — some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed towards the ladder — the gun deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye.

The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both brave men, stopped at the top of the gangway stairs, and, mute, pale, hesitating, looked down on the gun deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow, and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

CHAPTER II.

THE cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse.[1] The marine lantern swinging overhead added

[1] **A-poc'a-lypse**, the Revelation of St. John.

a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course, now looking black in the light, now casting weird reflections through the gloom.

It continued its work of destroying the ship. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two holes in the side, fortunately above the water line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid ribs resisted, — bent woods have great strength, but they creaked under the assaults of this terrible club, striking, with a sort of appalling ubiquity, on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The planking, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain had quickly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything that could deaden or check the mad rush of the gun; mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats, of which the corvette carried a whole cargo, — this infamous English deception being considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail, no one daring to descend to arrange them in any useful fashion? In a few minutes they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might, perhaps, have overthrown the gun, and, the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered.

But the devastation increased. There were gashes and

even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. Under the convulsive blows of the gun the mizzenmast was cracked, the mainmast itself was injured. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger who had descended to the gun deck looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He gazed sternly about upon the devastation. He stood motionless. It seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade threatened the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish, or put a summary end to the disaster; a decision must be made; but how?

What a combatant, — this cannon!

They must check this mad monster.

They must seize this flash of lightning.

They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, —

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied, —

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Truly, only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent; the cannon kept up its horrible din.

Outside, the waves breaking against the ship, responded to the strokes of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, they saw a man appear, an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident, the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one hand, a truss with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun deck.

Then a strange combat began, a titanic spectacle, — the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence, a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, and, his bar and rope in his two hands, backed against one of the ribs, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize him. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand into her throat! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog. "Come," said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would come towards him.

But to come towards him, — that would be to spring upon him, and then he was lost. How to avoid its crush, — there was the question. All stared, terrified. Not a breast respired freely, except perhaps that of the old man who alone stood on the gun deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed. He did not stir.

Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if stupefied. "Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The man avoided the shock. The struggle began, an unheard of struggle,— the fragile matching itself against the invulnerable; the thing of flesh attacking the brute of brass · on the one side force, on the other a soul.

The whole scene passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul, a strange thing, you would have said that the cannon had one also; but a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to be watching the man. There was, at least one might have fancied so, cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It was an immense unknown insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four paws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters, but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

A piece of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One end of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun, and added to the

danger of the blows. The screw held it like a clinched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon, a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon seemed to understand, and, as if it perceived a snare, fled. The man, formidable, pursued it.

Such things cannot last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come! we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had, — for to all it seemed a sentient being, — a furious premeditation. Without warning, it sprang upon the gunner. The gunner jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a rage, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, breaking the stem and making a breach in the forward planking. The man had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man who was watching. The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with a quickness of an ax-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This maneuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed headlong forward and passed the slipping noose of the truss about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

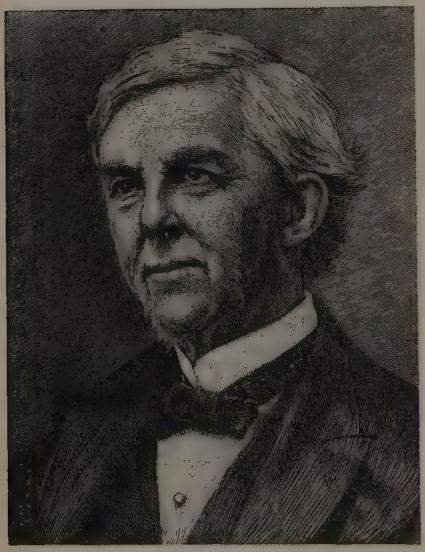
The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Monsieur," said he to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

XII. DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(1809–1894.)



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was one of the many great writers who used to live in or near Boston.

He was one of the brightest and best loved of all American authors. He was an old-time friend of Mr. Longfellow, and like him was for many years a professor in Harvard College.

Dr. Holmes was a small man, with a smiling, genial face. He was always ready to grasp the hand of any honest man. He was very witty, but his wit was never used to hurt anything but shams, which he hated.

Dr. Holmes lived to be a very old man, but even in old age, after the most of the friends of his earlier days were gone, he was still the same bright, genial, lovable man that he was in his youth. He wrote poems, essays, and novels, and books on medicine. His best known book is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Some of his friends, of whom he had many, were Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell.

XIII. THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OH for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign, a graybeard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with Learning's crown!
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my lifeblood stream,
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,—
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes;" for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
"I could not bear to leave them all —
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, THE BOYS!

From "The Boys."

XIV. THE LAST LEAF.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This poem was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution, said to be one of the party that threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine monumental specimen in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and his sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him, meant no disrespect to an honored citizen, whose costume was out of date, but whose patriotism never changed with years. I do not recall any earlier example of this form of verse, which was commended by the fastidious Edgar Allan Poe, who made a copy of the whole poem, which I have in his own handwriting. Good Abraham Lincoln had a great liking for the poem, and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the governor himself told me.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They said that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
It rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

XV. THE RACE OF THE OREGON.[1]

By John James Meehan.

LIGHTS out! And a prow turned toward the South,
And a canvas hiding each cannon's mouth;
And a ship, like a silent ghost released,
Is seeking her sister ships in the East.

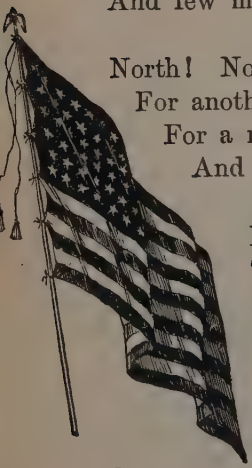
A rush of water, a foaming trail,
An ocean hound in a coat of mail,
A deck long-lined with the lines of fate,
She roars good-by at the Golden Gate.

On! On! Alone without gong or bell,
But a burning fire, like the fire of hell,
Till the lookout starts as his glasses show
The white cathedral at Callao.

[1] The run of the "Oregon," Captain Charles E. Clark, from San Francisco to Florida — 14,700 miles in sixty-five days — is one of the wonders in the history of the American navy. Newly built at San Francisco, she was ordered to the North Atlantic, by way of Cape Horn, in the spring of 1898, as soon as war with Spain looked imminent. She kept at her best speed, expecting attack, yet such was the remarkable skill and care of her engineers that her machinery was not even strained. In the great battle of July 3, though rated only as a 14-knot battleship, the "Oregon's" machinery was so perfect and so finely handled that she kept pace with cruisers of a much swifter class.

A moment's halt 'neath the slender spire,
Food, food for the men and food for the fire;
Then out in the sea to rest no more,
Till her keel is grounded on Chile's shore.

South! South! God guard through the unknown wave,
Where chart nor compass may help or save,
Where the hissing wraiths of the sea abide
And few may pass through the stormy tide.



North! North! For a harbor far away,
For another breath in the burning day;
For a moment's shelter from speed and pain,
And a prow to the tropic sea again.

Home! Home! With the mother fleet to sleep,
Till the call shall rise o'er the awful deep;
And the bell shall clang for the battle there,
And the voice of guns is the voice of prayer!

. . . . . .

One more to the songs of the bold and free,
When your children gather about your knee;
When the Goths and Vandals come down in might
As they came to the walls of Rome one night;
When the lordly William of Deloraine
Shall ride by the Scottish lake again;
When the Hessian specters shall flit in air
As Washington crosses the Delaware;
When the eyes of babes shall be closed in dread
As the story of Paul Revere is read;
When your boys shall ask what the guns are for,
Then tell them the tale of the Spanish war,
And the breathless millions that looked upon
The matchless race of the Oregon.

XVI. LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans.

(1793–1835.)

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band: —
Why had *they* come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
  They sought a faith's pure shrine!

CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK.

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod."

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

XVII. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

By Julia Ward Howe.

(1819- .)

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment
seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

XVIII. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

By Joseph Rodman Drake.

(1795–1820.)

WHEN freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-tramping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on
(Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glist'ning bayonet),
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy victor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Flag of the seas! On ocean's wave
Thy star shall glitter o'er the brave;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

XIX. HAIL, COLUMBIA! HAPPY LAND.

By Joseph Hopkinson.

(1770–1842.)

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!

Chorus.—Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize!
While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

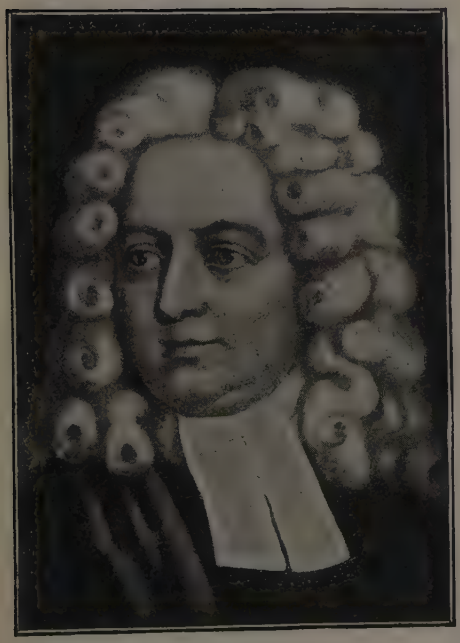
Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear!
With equal skill and godlike power
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands, —
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

CHORUS. — Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

XX. JONATHAN SWIFT.

(1667–1745.)



JONATHAN SWIFT.

THERE lived in Great Britain many years ago, in good Queen Anne's time, a man named Jonathan Swift, a very able man, but of a very unhappy disposition. He was usually in a quarrel with somebody, and was almost always wretched because he had failed to get something that he wanted; and, very foolishly, instead of looking within himself to find the trouble, and then setting to work to correct it, he grew sour and morose, and thought all the world bad.

Through influence he obtained a living, or parish, and was for a time rector, thereby acquiring the title of Dean Swift, by which he is commonly known; but he devoted most of his life to literature.

He wrote some very brilliant books, but they were nearly all bitter satires, in which he ridiculed people in general,

especially those with whom he had quarreled. His most famous book is called "Gulliver's Travels," describing various imaginary journeys of his hero, Gulliver, to strange lands. In one of these, Gulliver found the inhabitants to be little people only two or three inches high, who looked upon him as an immense giant, and called him the man-mountain. In another the people were all giants, who looked upon Gulliver as an amusing insect. In one place the people were horses, and beings like men were merely beasts. The selection which follows is taken from Gulliver's "A Voyage to Lilliput," the land of little people.

XXI. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

By Dean Swift.

CHAPTER I.

MY father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years. And my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do.

When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my Uncle John and some

other relations, I got forty pounds and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden; there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful to me in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the "Swallow," Captain Abraham Pannell commander, with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant[1] and some other parts.

When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me; and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry,[2] and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea.

I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, — being always provided with a good number of books, — and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language,

[1] **The Levant**, the eastern coast region of the Mediterranean.

[2] **The Old Jewry.** A section of London where the Jews formerly lived.

wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land.[1] By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of thirty degrees two minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it and immediately split.

Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about

[1] **Van Diemen's Land**, now called Tasmania.

half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north.

What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that and the heat of the weather, I found myself much inclined to sleep.

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upward; the sun began to grow hot and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture in which I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which,

advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back.

In the mean time I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in fright; and some of them, as I was afterward told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "*Hekinah degul.*" The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground, for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it had ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, "*Tolgo phonac!*" when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof

many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe that I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me.

When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased, and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not a syllable.

But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration he cried out three times, "*Langro dehul san*" (these words and the former were afterward repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the string that

fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him; whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience by putting my finger frequently to my mouth to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterward learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste.

There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could,

showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "*Hekinah degul.*" They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud "*Borach mevolah!*" and when they saw the vessels in the air there was a universal shout of "*Hekinah degul!*" I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backward and forward on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made to them — for so I interpreted my submissive behavior — soon drove out these imaginations.

Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk

upon my body while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forward up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forward, which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed.

I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased.

Upon this the hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, "*Peblom selam;*" and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows.

These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and, I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awakened with the first sense of smart, which might have so far aroused my rage and strength as to enable me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war — whereof some are nine feet long — in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea.

Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing.

It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of pack thread were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus in less than three hours I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey I was awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for, the carriage being stopped awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground; into that, on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven

chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backward and forward in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These

fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theater.

I had been for some hours extremely tired, however, so I crept into my house and shut the door after me. But it was of no use to try to get rid of so much company. I had to come out again, and to get a little change by stepping backward and forward as far as my chains allowed.

I soon found that the emperor had descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback toward me, which had liked to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well-trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount.

When he alighted he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels till I could reach them.

I took these vehicles and soon emptied them all. Twenty of them were filled with meat and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels which was contained in earthen vials into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught, and so I did with the rest.

The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted and came near his person, which

I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious.

GULLIVER AND THE PYGMY.

For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off; however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself if I should happen to break loose: it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold, enriched with diamonds.

His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up.

The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently

clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca;[1] but all to no purpose.

After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain when they saw me take out my penknife; but I soon put them out of fear, for, looking mildly and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and

[1] **Lingua Franca,** literally the language of the Franks, here used as a jargon or dialect employed understandingly between various nations.

people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Toward night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight, during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds sewn together made up the breadth and length, and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterward assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes

they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread throughout the whole kingdom.

In the midst of these consultations several officers of the army went to the door of the great council chamber, and, two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above mentioned, which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance, together with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine and other liquors, for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury, — for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense.

An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly that the emperor's horses and those of the nobility and troops of guards should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom them to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language, during which time the

emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me.

We began already to converse together in some sort, and the first words I learned were to express my desire "that he would be pleased to give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*,—that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom." However, he said that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me "to acquire by my patience and discreet behavior the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired, "I would not take it ill if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person." I said, "His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him." This I delivered, part in words and part in signs. He replied "that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance, and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them." I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs and another secret pocket which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there

was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterward translated into English, and is word for word as follows: —

"*Imprimis*,[1] in the right coat pocket of the great man-mountain [for so I interpret the words '*quinbus flestrin*'], after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both a-sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head, for we did not always trouble him with questions because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover [so I translate '*ranfu-lo*,' by which they meant my breeches] we saw a hollow pillar of iron,

[1] Im-pri'mis, in the first place.

about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind.

"In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel, which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other.

"There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain, which appeared to be a globe, half silver and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circular drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water

mill; and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and which served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right a bag, or pouch, divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFRIN
"FLESSEN FRELOCK.
"MARSI FRELOCK."

When the inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimiter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty.

He then desired me to draw my scimiter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea water, was in most parts exceeding bright.

I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scimiter to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain.

The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols.

I drew it out, and, at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it, and, charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of the scimiter. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time.

I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimiter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets, begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air.

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute hand, which he could easily discern, for their sight is much more acute then ours: he asked the opinion of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold and some smaller ones, my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuffbox, my handkerchief and journal book. My scimiter, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences, which, being of no consequence, to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

MY gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceeded all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread extended about two feet and ten inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of these candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty.

Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broken his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

The horses of the army and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, — which was indeed a prodigious leap.

I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions ac-

cordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side.

When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of the best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command, and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take full view of the whole performance.

It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them

both, and covering the hole with one hand I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was first taken up had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times; that by mounting upon each other's shoulders they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing and which had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land, the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I had never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea.

I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might

be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition. They had bored two holes in the brim, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

THE PYGMIES AND GULLIVER'S HAT.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet and then in a full council, where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral, of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply, but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under

secretaries and several persons of distinction. After they were read I was required to swear to the performance of them first in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished, which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet; but he commanded me to rise, and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity I shall not repeat, he added, "that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future."

CHAPTER IV.

LIBERTY having been granted me, my first request was for permission to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor readily allowed me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which compassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance.

I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sidelong through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat.

I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril.

The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories; the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the center of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts; in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult, for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high and seven inches wide.

Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were

strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time, the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high and strong enough to bear my weight.

The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined.

There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

CHAPTER V.

LILLIPUT is part of the continent, but the empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the northeast of the mainland, from which it is parted only by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and

upon this notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever.

I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most.

I walked toward the northeast coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron.

The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook.

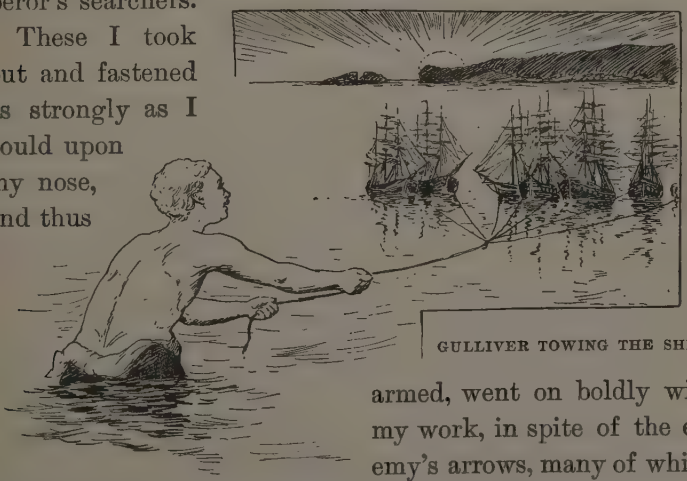
Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the northeast coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste

I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour.

The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore; where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end.

While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers.

These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them.



GULLIVER TOWING THE SHIPS.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred arrow-shots in my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck.

The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the

enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput." This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the northeast coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide, and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately toward the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral.

This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I

fastened to a hole in the forepart of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labor to little purpose, for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work.

In this necessity I was forced to swim behind and push the boat forward as often as I could with one of my hands; and the tide favoring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my armpits; and now the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me. The wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men with ropes and engines I made a shift to turn it on its bottom and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days' making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, im-

patient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the seashore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty's ship carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace. I lay on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* apiece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready-dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country and propagate the breed; and to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means per-

mit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honor "not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire."

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail, on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at southeast, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the northwest. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, went to my rest, and slept well, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awakened.

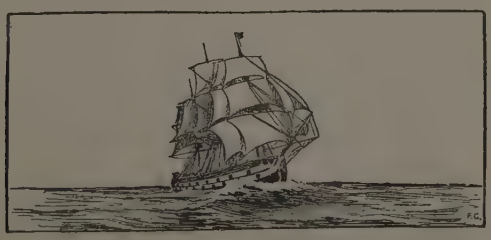
It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the northeast of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the southeast; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun.

It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September twenty-sixth; but my heart leaped within me to

see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman returning from Japan, by the North and South seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel, of Deptford, a very civil man and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of thirty degrees south. There were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain.

This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound, which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had undergone had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep.

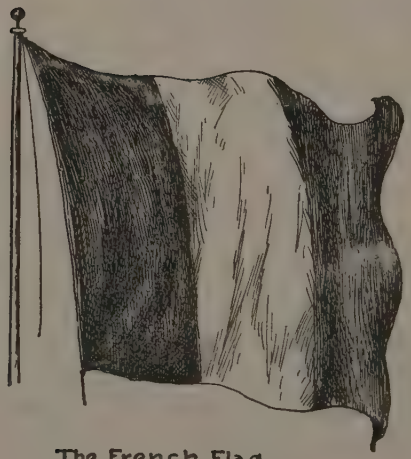
I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702.



XXII. THE MARSEILLAISE.[1]

By Rouget de Lisle.

(1760–1836.)



The French Flag.

YE sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hirèling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

[1] **The Marseillaise** (mär-sa-yāz′) **Hymn** is the great battle song of the French. It is said to arouse French soldiers to greater deeds of bravery than anything else can do.

CHORUS.— To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo, our walls and cities blaze.
And lo, our walls and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
CHORUS.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
CHORUS.

O liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
CHORUS. — To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

XXIII. THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.[1]

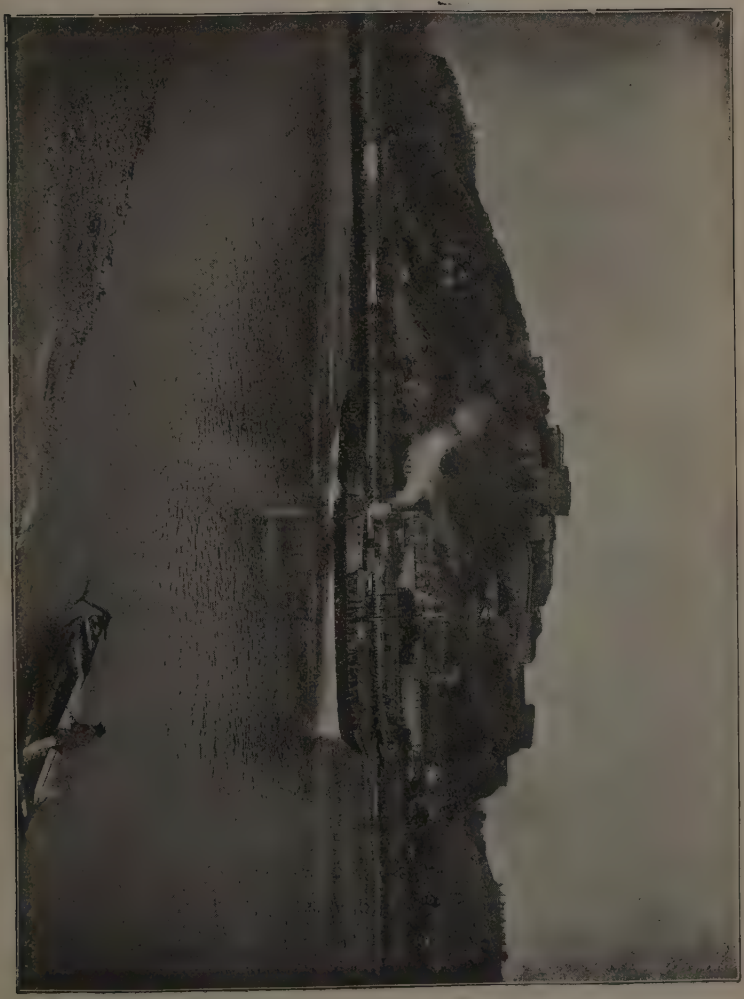
BY MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

(1819–1849.)

The German Flag.

A CRY bursts forth like thunder-sound,
Like swords' fierce clash, like waves' rebound, —
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To guard the river, who 'll combine?

[1] **The Watch on the Rhine** is the song that all the Germans love best, the song of their fatherland.



EHRENBREITSTEIN, ON THE RHINE.

Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine, —
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

From myriad mouths the summons flies,
And brightly flash a myriad eyes:
Brave, honest, true, the Germans come,
To guard the sacred bounds of home.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine, —
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

And though the strife bring death to me,
No foreign river shalt thou be:
Exhaustless as thy wat'ry flood
Is German land in hero blood.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine, —
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

If upward he his glance doth send,
There hero fathers downward bend.
He sweareth, proud to fight his part,
Thou Rhine, be German, like my heart.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine, —
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

While yet one drop of blood thou 'lt yield,
While yet one hand the sword can wield,
While grasps the rifle one bold hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine, —
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

The oath peals forth, the wave runs by,
Our flags, unfurled, are waving high.

To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine,—
To keep thee free we 'll all combine.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

XXIV. THE STORY OF RUTH.

CHAPTER I.

NOW it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man in Beth-lehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons.

And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion, Ephrathites of Beth-lehem-judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left, and her two sons.

And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth; and they dwelled there about ten years.

And Mahlon and Chilion died also, both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

Then she arose, with her daughters in law, that she might return from the country of Moab; for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread.

Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters in law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters in law, "Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

"The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

PHILIP H. CALDERON.

NAOMI AND RUTH.

And they said unto her, "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people."

And Naomi said, "Turn again, my daughters: why will ye go with me? Turn again, go your way."

And they lifted up their voice, and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother in law, but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, "Behold, thy sister in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister in law."

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

So they two went until they came unto Beth-lehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Beth-lehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, "Is this Naomi?"

And she said unto them, "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty; why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter in law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

CHAPTER II.

AND Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz.

And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace." And she said unto her, "Go, my daughter."

And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you." And they answered him, "The Lord bless thee."

Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, "Whose damsel is this?"

And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, "It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab:

"And she said, 'I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.' So she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house."

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens:

"Let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them; have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

And Boaz answered and said unto her, "It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother in law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

Then she said, "Let me find favor in thy sight, my lord; for that thou hast comforted me, and for that thou hast spoken friendly unto thy handmaid, though I be not like unto one of thine handmaidens."

And Boaz said unto her, "At mealtime come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel into the vinegar." And she sat beside the reapers: and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.

And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, "Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not:

"And let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not."

So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley.

And she took it up, and went into the city, and her mother in law saw what she had gleaned; and she brought forth, and gave to her that she had received after she was sufficed.

And her mother in law said to her, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and where wroughtest thou? blessed be he that did take knowledge of thee." And she shewed her mother in law with whom she had wrought, and she said, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz."

And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead." And Naomi said unto her, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen."

And Ruth the Moabitess said, "He said unto me also, thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest."

And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter in law, "It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field."

So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest, and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother in law.

CHAPTER III.

THEN Naomi her mother in law said unto her, "My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee?

"And now is not Boaz of our kindred, with whose maidens thou wast? Behold he winnoweth barley to-night in the threshing floor.

"Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee, and get thee down to the floor: but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking.

"And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do."

And she said unto her, "All that thou sayest unto me I will do."

And she went down unto the floor, and did according to all that her mother in law had bade her.

And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn; and she came softly and uncovered his feet, and laid her down.

And she lay at his feet until the morning: and she rose up before one could know another.

And he said, "Bring the vail that thou hast upon thee, and hold it." And when she held it, he measured six measures of barley, and laid it on her: and she went into the city.

And when she came to her mother in law, she said, "Who art thou, my daughter?" And she told her all that the man had done.

And she said, "These six measures of barley gave he to me; for he said to me, Go not empty unto thy mother in law."

Then said she, "Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing this day."

CHAPTER IV.

THEN went Boaz up to the gate, and sat him down there: and behold, the kinsman of whom Boaz spake came by; unto whom he said, "Ho, such a one! turn aside, sit down here." And he turned aside, and sat down.

And he took ten men of the elders of the city, and said, "Sit ye down here." And they sat down.

And he said unto the kinsman, "Naomi, that is come again out of the country of Moab, selleth a parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's:

"And I thought to advertise thee, saying, 'Buy it before the inhabitants, and before the elders of my people. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it; but if thou wilt not redeem it, then tell me, that I may know: for there is none to redeem it beside thee; and I am after thee.'" And he said, "I will redeem it."

Then said Boaz, "What day thou buyest the field of the land of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance."

And the kinsman said, "I cannot redeem it for myself, lest I mar mine own inheritance; redeem thou my right to thyself; for I cannot redeem it."

Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; A man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and this was a testimony in Israel.

Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, "Buy it for thee." So he drew off his shoe.

And Boaz said unto the elders, and unto all the people, "Ye are witnesses this day, that I have bought all that was Elimelech's, and all that was Chilion's and Mahlon's, of the hand of Naomi.

"Moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance, that the name of the dead be not cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place: ye are witnesses this day."

And all the people said, "We are witnesses. The Lord make the woman that is come into thine house like Rachel and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Beth-lehem.

And let thy house be like the house of Pharez, whom Tamar bare unto Judah, of the seed which the Lord shall give thee of this young woman."

So Boaz took Ruth, and she was his wife, and she bare him a son.

And the women said unto Naomi, "Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.

"And he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age: for thy daughter in law, which loveth thee, which is better to thee than seven sons, hath borne him."

And Naomi took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse unto it.

And the women her neighbors gave it a name, saying, "There is a son born to Naomi; and they called his name Obed: he is the father of Jesse, the father of David."

From the Bible.

XXV. RUTH.

By Thomas Hood.

(1798–1845.)

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd:—such a blush
In the midst of the brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest, none could tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim:—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

XXVI. A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

By Thomas Hood.

THOU happy, happy elf!
(But stop — first let me kiss away that tear) —
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin —
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck.

Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents — (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub, but of earth!
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(The dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! — that 's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon that table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life —
(He 's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on, my elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above!)

XXVII. AN ICEBERG.[1]

By Richard Henry Dana.

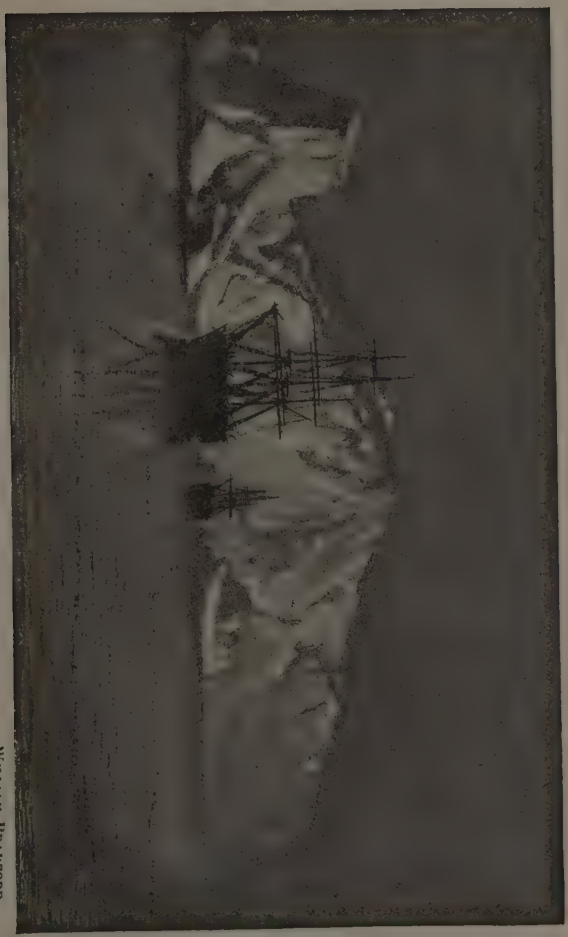
(1815–1882.)

AT twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the companion way, and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

"Where away, cook?" asked the first man who came up.

"On the port bow."

[1] This description of an iceberg is taken from the author's "Two Years Before the Mast," a most interesting book of travel and stirring incidents.



AN ICEBERG

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

And there, floating in the ocean, several miles off, lay an immense irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring its beauty and grandeur.

But no description can give any idea of the strangeness and beauty of the sight. Its great size, — for it must have been two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, as well as its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear, — all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay to, quite near it, for the greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular, heaving mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprung up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses tucked in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur — their slow stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful crackling and groaning of their parts — the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg, while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

XXVIII. ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.[1]

By James Montgomery.

(1776–1854.)

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood, —

[1] Tradition holds this story of the heroic death of Arnold von Winkelried to be a true one. Its occurrence decided the Swiss victory at Sempach, in 1386.

A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
So still, so dense the Austrian stood,
A living wall, a human wood.

Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained;
Marshaled, once more, at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell,
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground.
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrant's feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?
Would not they feel their children tread,
With clanging chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field;
She will not fly, — she cannot yield, —
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.

Unmarked he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried.
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

XXIX. ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

By Sir Samuel White Baker.

(1821–1893.)

PART I.

TRACKING was very difficult. As there was total absence of rain, it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date from those most recent upon the hard and parched soil.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

The greater part of the day passed in useless toil, and, after fording the river backward and forward several times, we at length arrived at a large area of sand in a bend of the stream. This surface of many acres was backed by a forest of large trees. Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that, unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand, in the forest.

We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpet of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest already declared to be the hiding-place of the herd. In a few minutes, a fine, large elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked directly toward the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of a high bank of sand that had been left by the retiring river in sweeping round an angle ; we immediately dismounted and remained well concealed. The question of attack was quickly settled. The elephant was quietly approaching the water, which was about a hundred paces distant from the jungle. This intervening space was covered with heavy, dry sand, that had been thrown up by the stream in the sudden bend of the river.

I proposed that we should endeavor to stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sand bank about three feet high, and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come on at full gallop, and cut off his retreat to the jungle. Accordingly, I led the way, followed by my head man with a rifle, while I carried my large elephant gun, which I called "Baby." Florian accompanied us. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, which had just arrived at the water and had commenced drinking.

We now crept cautiously toward him; the sand bank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree or a bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep. Still we crept forward,

as the elephant alternately drank and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us. He lifted his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed toward him with a shout, he turned toward the jungle and I immediately fired a steady shot at his shoulder with the "Baby."

The only effect of the shot was to send him off at a greater speed to the jungle; but at the same time the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like greyhounds in a course, and, wisely keeping on a line with the jungle, they cut off his retreat. Then turning toward the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand. At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy, but now came the very gallant, but foolish, part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprung from their saddles, and upon foot in the heavy sand they attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport, I never saw anything so magnificent or so absurdly dangerous. The elephant was in a great rage, and nevertheless, he seemed to know that the object of the hunters was to get behind him. This he avoided with great dexterity, turning with extreme quickness, and charging headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk, and trumpeted with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless the aggageers could not get behind him. In the folly of excitement they had forsaken their horses, which had escaped from the spot.

The depth of the loose sand was in favor of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved one another, as two dashed in at the flanks when the elephant charged at the third, upon which the cautious animal immediately gave up the chase, and turned upon his pursuers.

During this time I had been laboring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight, the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder shot from one of my large rifles, and at the same time a slash from the sword of one of the men who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him just in time to reach his leg. Unfortunately, he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced the aggageers; he charged across the deep sand, and reached the jungle. We were shortly upon his track, and, after running about a quarter of a mile, found him dead in a dry water course. His tusks, like those of the generality of Abyssinian elephants, were exceedingly short, but of good thickness.

Some of our men who had followed the runaway horses shortly returned, and reported that during the fight they had heard other elephants trumpeting in the dense jungle near the river. A portion of a thick forest of about two hundred acres, upon this side of the river, was a tempting covert for elephants, and the aggageers, who were perfectly familiar with the habits of the animals, positively declared that the herd must be within this jungle.

Accordingly we proposed to skirt the margin of the river, which, as it made a bend at right angles, commanded

two sides of a square. Upon reaching the jungle by the river side, we again heard the trumpet of an elephant, and about a quarter of a mile distant we observed a herd of twelve of these animals shoulder deep in the river. They were in the act of crossing to the opposite side to secrete themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle of thorny hedge.

The aggageers advised that we should return to the ford that we had already crossed, assuring us that by recrossing the river we should most probably meet the elephants, as they would not leave the thick jungle until night. Having implicit confidence in their knowledge of the country, I followed their directions, and shortly afterward we recrossed the ford and arrived upon a dry portion of the river's bed, banked by a dense thicket.

PART II.

JALI now took the management of affairs. We all dismounted, and sent the horses to a considerable distance, lest they should by some noise disturb the elephants. We soon heard a crackling in the jungle on our right, and Jali assured us that, as he had expected, the elephants were slowly advancing through the jungle on the bank of the river, and would pass exactly before us.

We waited patiently in the bed of the river, and the cracking in the jungle sounded closer as the herd evidently approached. The strip of thick, thorny covert that fringed the margin was in no place wider than half a mile. Beyond that the country was open and park-like; but at this season it was covered with parched grass from eight to ten feet high: the elephants would, therefore, most probably remain in the jungle until driven out.

In about a quarter of an hour we judged by the noise in the jungle about a hundred yards from the river that the elephants were directly opposite us. I accordingly instructed Jali to creep quietly by himself into the bush, and to bring me information of their position. In three or four minutes he returned; he declared that it would be impossible to use the sword, as the jungle was so dense that it would check the blow, but that I could use the rifles, as the elephants were close to us. He had seen three standing together between us and the main body of the herd.

I told Jali to lead me directly to the spot, and, followed by Florian and the aggageers with my gun bearers, I kept within a foot of the little guide, upon whom I depended, as he crept gently into the jungle. We advanced stealthily, until Jali stepped quietly to one side and pointed with his finger; I immediately observed two elephants looming up through the thick bushes about eight paces from me.

Determined to try fairly the forehead shot, I kept my ground, and fired a quicksilver and lead bullet from one of the large rifles. It struck her exactly in the center of the forehead. The only effect was to make the huge beast stagger backward, when, in another moment, with her immense ears thrown forward, she charged. I then fired my remaining barrel a little lower than the first shot.

Checked in her rush, she backed toward the immense jungle, throwing her trunk about and trumpeting with rage. Snatching a large rifle from one of my trusty men, I ran straight at her, took deliberate aim at the forehead, and fired once more. The only effect was a decisive charge; but before I fired my last barrel Jali rushed in, and with one blow of his sharp sword severed the sinew of the hind leg. In an instant she was utterly helpless.

I had fired three accurate shots, and all had failed to kill. There could no longer be any doubt that the forehead shot, so fatal to the Indian elephant, could not be relied upon with the African species. I now reloaded my rifles, and the aggageers quitted the jungle to remount their horses, as they expected the herd had broken covert on the other side of the jungle; in which case they intended to give chase, and, if possible, to turn them back into the covert and drive them toward the guns. We accordingly took our stand in the small, open glade, and I lent Florian one of my double rifles, as he was provided with only one single-barreled elephant gun.

About a quarter of an hour passed in suspense, when we suddenly heard a chorus of wild cries on the other side of the jungle, raised by the aggageers, who had headed the herd and were driving them back toward us. In a few minutes a tremendous crashing in the jungle, accompanied by the occasional shrill scream of a savage elephant, and the continued shouts of the aggageers, assured us that they were bearing down exactly in our direction; they were apparently followed, even through the dense jungle, by the wild and reckless Arabs.

I called my men together, and told them to stand fast and to hand me the guns quickly; and we eagerly awaited the onset that rushed toward us like a storm. For a moment the jungle quivered and crashed: a second later and the herd, headed by an immense elephant, thundered down upon us.

The great leader came directly toward me, and received in the forehead the contents of both barrels of my large rifle as fast as I could pull the triggers. The shock made it reel backward for an instant, and fortunately turned it

aside, and the rest of the herd followed their leader. My second rifle was rapidly handled, and I made a quick shot with both barrels at the temples of two fine elephants, dropping them both stone-dead.

At this moment, the "Baby" was pushed into my hand by another of my men, just in time to take the shoulder of the last of the herd, which had already charged headlong after its companions, and was disappearing in the jungle. Bang! went the "Baby," and around I spun like a weather-cock, with the blood pouring from my nose, as the recoil had driven the sharp top of the hammer deep into the bridge. My "Baby" not only screamed, but kicked viciously. However, I knew that the elephant must be dead, as the half-pound shell had been aimed directly at the shoulder.

We had done pretty well. I had been fortunate in bagging four from this herd, in addition to the single one in the morning, — total, five. Florian had killed one, and the aggageers one, — total, seven elephants. One had escaped that I had wounded in the shoulder, and two that had been wounded by Florian.

Having my measuring tape in a game bag, that was always carried by one of the men, I measured accurately one of the elephants that had fallen, with the legs stretched out, so that the height to the shoulder could be exactly measured. From foot to shoulder, in a direct line, nine feet, one inch; circumference of foot, four feet, eight inches. We now left the jungle and found our horses waiting for us in the bed of the river by the water-side, and we rode toward our camp, well satisfied with the day's sport.

From "Wild Beasts and their Ways."

XXX. THE EVE OF WATERLOO.[1]

By Lord George Noel Gordon Byron.

(1788–1824.)

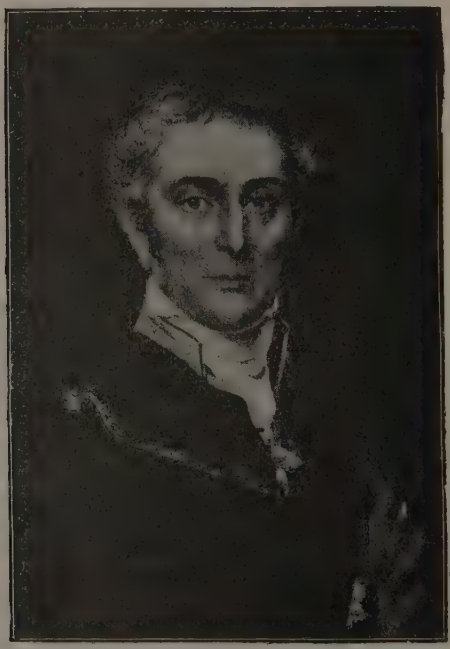
THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital[2] had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

[1] **The Battle of Waterloo** was one of the battles upon which the fate of the world depended. The armies of all the great nations of Europe were engaged in it. It was really an attempt to put down the great Napoleon by the other European powers. In this they were successful. The Duke of Wellington was commander in chief of the allied forces. The battle was fought in Belgium, which was neutral ground.

[2] In **Brussels**, the capital of Belgium, were gathered many of those who were opposed to Napoleon. When the battle began, a great many were attending a grand ball. This occasion was made the theme of the poem.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press



From Portrait in British National Gallery.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star:

PAUL DELAROCHE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come
They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave — alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms, — the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider, and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!

XXXI. THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.[1]

By Lord Byron.

I.

MY hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those

[1] **Chillon.** A castle on Lake Geneva (or Leman) in Switzerland, situated on a lonely rock, and famous as having been used as a prison for a distinguished Swiss patriot in the sixteenth century. Hence this poem.

To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred, — forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place.
We were seven, who are now one,
  Six in youth and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
  Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
  And in each ring there is a chain.
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years, — I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three, — yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together, yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'T was still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each,
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold,
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do, and did, my best,
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, — with eyes as blue as Heaven, —
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day, —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free), —
A polar day which will not see
A sunset till its summer 's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light.
The snow-clad offspring of the sun;
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,

And perished in the foremost rank
With joy, — but not in chains to pine;
His spirit withered with their clank;
I saw it silently decline,
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls.
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, — and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, ON LAKE LEMAN.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat:
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb.
My brother's soul was of that mold
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth? — he died.
I saw and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand, — nor dead, —
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine; it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,

That even in death his free-born breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer;
They coldly laughed, and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired, —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender-kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,

That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot;
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence, — lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear;
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound, —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him: I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew.
The last, — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath, —
My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive, —
A frantic feeling when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

. . . . . .

IX.

A light broke in upon my brain,
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till mine eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track.
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine,
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal, well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of Heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue and earth is gay.

X.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
That were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain,

And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart felt blind and sick.

XI.

I made a footing in the wall;
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me.
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XII.

I saw them and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;

I saw their thousand years of snow
On high, — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down,
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
  The only one in view;
A small green isle it seemed, no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
  Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous, each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast;
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIII.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be, —
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage, — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home;
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill, — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends, —
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are, — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

XXXII. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

By Thomas Campbell.[1]

(1777–1844.)

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden[2] are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave, —
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,

[1] Thomas Campbell was a Scotch poet and critic, some of whose poems are among the finest in the English language.

[2] **Cullo'den**, a battlefield in Scotland where, in 1746, the Royalists, under the Duke of Cumberland, defeated the Highlanders led by Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender.

Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

SEER. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCH. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

SEER. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight;
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death bell is tolling; Oh, mercy! dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCH. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame.

XXXIII. THE DEATH OF MOSES.

DEUTERONOMY, CHAP. XXXIV. 1–8.

AND Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho: and the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan,

And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea,

And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of the palm trees, unto Zoar.

And the Lord said unto him, "This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.

And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.

And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days: so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended.

From the Bible.

XXXIV. THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

(1830– .)

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth, —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun, —

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

MICHELANGELO.

MOSES.

So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight:
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword, —
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor —
The hillside for a pall, —
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall, —
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment Day,
And stand, with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of Him He loved so well.

XXXV. ROME AND THE ROMANS.

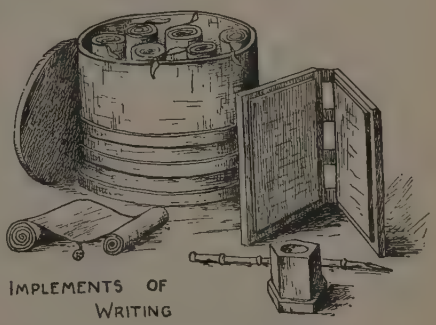
A ROMAN SOLDIER

THE Greeks lived on a peninsula which extended through the southern part of Europe down into the great sea toward Africa. To the westward of Greece is another peninsula extending in the same direction. It is long and narrow, shaped, as your geographies tell you, like a boot; you know it as Italy.

On this peninsula there lived in ancient times a people no less famous than the Greeks, though they were very different from them. These people were the Romans. Their capital city, Rome, stood on the banks of the River Tiber, and became the most famous city in the world. The Romans did not have the same love for beauty that the Greeks had; they were a commoner and coarser people, but honest, industrious, and frugal. They lived very simply and very plainly in towns and on their farms. This was before they learned luxury from the Greeks and the people of the far East. Although they did not have as great artists, poets, and writers of history as had the Greeks, they had greater soldiers.

No people have ever lived who were braver in war than the Romans. So warlike were they, and so skillful in leading armies and fighting battles, that although at first they were but a little community on the banks of the Tiber in Italy, they soon conquered all the known world, and at last there was not a civilized people which did not have a Roman ruler. This was not only because they were good soldiers, but also because they knew how to govern.

Before the Romans, no nations ever had a system of government that could compare with theirs. And even to-day very many of the best features in our form of government have come down from the Romans; just as many of the best things in art and literature are copied after what the Greeks produced so many years ago.



IMPLEMENTS OF WRITING

Like all people, the Romans traced their history back as far as they could. But written history did not go back very far, and what happened in the earlier times was told by father to son, and so handed down from one generation to another; and of course these stories became very much changed, and it was difficult to tell just what really happened, and what was imagined by those who told the stories.

The Romans worshiped gods very much like those of the Greeks, though they had not imagined so many beautiful stories about them, and had not represented them so beautifully in art. So when the Romans became acquainted with the Greeks, saw their works of art, read their books,

and learned that their gods were quite like those adored by themselves, they gradually came to call their own gods by the Greek names, and to tell all the beautiful stories about them that the Greeks told of theirs. Thus they often called their own Jupiter by the Greek name Zeus, and Juno by the name of Hera.

Virgil is the Latin poet who has best shown that the Roman and the Greek gods are the same. But the Romans had a few gods which were peculiarly their own; such an one was Vesta, the goddess of the home. They had very great respect for Vesta, and made much of her worship. Her priestesses were known as Vestal Virgins, and were very highly esteemed. The love and worship of this goddess show one of the noblest virtues of the Romans, for they were great lovers of home; this is one reason why they were better and nobler than the Greeks, although they were less artistic.

RUINS OF THE COLISEUM, AT ROME.

XXXVI. THE BEGINNING OF ROME.

IN ancient Troy there lived a noble prince of royal blood whose name was Anchises.[1] He was so noble in character, and withal so handsome, that Venus, goddess of love and beauty, loved him and gave herself to him in marriage, thus becoming the wife of a mortal. They had a son, Æneas,[2] no less noble than his father, over whom his goddess-mother exercised protecting care. During the Trojan War he was one of the bravest of the heroes who fought for their homes.

A ROMAN STANDARD.

After the capture of Troy, Æneas was one of the few to escape alive from the burning city. He had done all that he could to save the palace of the king and the lives of the royal family; but finding it in vain, and seeing that all who remained were doomed to destruction, he hastened to his own home.

Telling his wife Creusa[3] to follow him closely, he placed his aged father Anchises upon his shoulders, took his little boy Ascanius[4] by the hand, and made his way in safety through the bands of victorious Greeks, through the ruins of the city, to a sheltered place outside the walls by a little arm of the sea. His wife Creusa he never saw again. In some way, during their flight through the darkness, she became separated from her husband, and perished in

[1] **An-chi'ses** (An-kī'ses).
[2] **Æ-ne'as** (Ē-ne'as).
[3] **Cre-u'sa** (Kre-u'sah).
[4] **As-cā'ni-us.**

the ruins. He mourned her loss, but bravely set to work to save his father and son.

A few of the Trojans gathered in the same place, and decided to follow Æneas as their leader in search of a new home in foreign lands. They built ships, and put into them such provisions as they could get, and set sail, a homeless and desolate band, across an unknown sea.

The ships in which Æneas and his little company sailed were not such vessels as would now be used by one sailing on the great sea. For in ancient times the power of steam was unknown, and the sailors did not know how to use sails except when they were going directly before the wind; but they relied upon oars to drive the ships wherever they wished to go, so that these ships were nothing more than very large rowboats with many rowers to propel them. Hence, a storm through which a modern steamer could go with little difficulty, might cause great distress to one of the awkward little vessels in which Æneas's company sailed.

Virgil has given us in his "Æneid" a long account of the journey of these wanderers. He tells us how they were driven ashore on many lands, often suffering shipwreck. The perils that they met from the deep and from savages who lived on the land are almost past belief. After many months of wandering they landed at Carthage, — a city on the northern coast of Africa which Queen Dido and her people were building. Dido received Æneas kindly, and offered to share her kingdom with him. Finally he consented, and they were married; but the gods who watched over Æneas, and admired his courage and piety, had something better in store for him, and were not pleased that he should marry Dido and settle down in Carthage.

So Jupiter sent his messenger, Mercury, who told Æneas that he was doing wrong, and that he must at once leave Carthage and its queen, and embark again upon the stormy sea, and sail until he found the land over which the gods intended him to rule.

Æneas obeyed the gods, gathered together his followers, many of whom had already found homes in the new city, secretly prepared his ships, and set sail from Carthage. But Dido, who really loved Æneas, was enraged and heartbroken at his departure. She did not know that the gods had ordered this cruel conduct; so she built a funeral pile, called her people around her, made them promise to avenge her death upon the followers and descendants of Æneas, and then killed herself.

The Carthaginians mourned for Queen Dido, and burned her body with the funeral pile, as was their custom. As the Trojans were sailing out of the harbor, on looking back they saw the light from the burning pile shining across the water. From that time, there was bitter hatred between the people of Carthage and the descendants of Æneas, and there was always war between Rome and Carthage until Carthage was destroyed.

After encountering more perils, and again suffering shipwreck, Æneas and his band finally landed on the coast of Italy near the mouth of the river Tiber. Here they discovered the sign that the gods had promised, to show that they had at last found a home.

The country at whose shores they had arrived was an ancient land sacred to the gods. Its first king had been Janus, the sun god. Here old Saturn, the father of the Greek gods, had dwelt after he had been driven from Olympus by Zeus. The people up to his time had been

shepherds, but Saturn taught them how to till the fields, and how to sow and reap the grains.

This country was called Latium, and its king at the time when Æneas came to its shores bore the name Latinus, and the people Latini. Hence, even to-day, the language which the Romans spoke is known as Latin. This good king welcomed the stranger, and gave to him his daughter Lavinia as his wife, and to his companions seven hundred acres of land.

Æneas lived and ruled with Latinus for some time, and aided him in his wars with the neighboring peoples. But one day during a battle, all at once the hero disappeared in the midst of the waters of the River Numicius. The gods had taken him to the heavens. The waters of this river were ever after deemed sacred, and were used in the worship of Vesta, the goddess of the home, and the noblest and best of all the Roman deities. Æneas, too, was ever after worshiped by the Roman people as a god.

Ascanius, who was a little boy holding his father by the hand when they fled from Troy, was now a powerful and noble man. He became king, and ruled with great glory. He built a new city, which he called Alba Longa, the Long White City. After his death many kings, his descendants, reigned in Latium; till finally one of them, Procas, died, leaving two sons, each of whom wanted to be king.

Numitor[1] was the elder, and should have been king: but Amulius[2] was the stronger, and he took the kingdom, killed his brother's son, and made his daughter Sylvia a priestess of Vesta. These priestesses were not allowed to marry, and he felt sure that Numitor would have no heirs to contest the throne with him.

But the gods did not mean that such wickedness should

[1] Nu'mi-tor. [2] A-mu'li-us

succeed. Sylvia was very beautiful. So beautiful and lovely in character was she, that one day the god Mars, who chanced to be walking on the earth, espied her, and loved her at once so greatly that he proposed to make her his wife.

RUBENS.

ROMULUS AND REMUS (Page 196).

She forgot her Vestal vows, thinking it must be right to marry a god, became his wife, and they had beautiful twin boys. The king was very angry that Sylvia should have married, contrary to the laws of the Vestal Virgins, and ordered her to be put to death, and the cradle with the

babies to be placed in the River Tiber, that they might perish from exposure. But though their mother was no more, their father Mars did not desert them. The river had overflowed its banks, and the cradle was washed ashore, landing under a wild fig tree. Mars sent to the babies a wolf, who took care of them with her own baby wolves. Then he sent a hawk to carry them some food, and other birds to hover over the cradle and keep away the insects.

A certain shepherd in charge of the king's flocks came upon the children as they were being nursed by the wolf. He was overcome with astonishment, and stood a long while watching them, until he saw the birds also come and bring food to them. Then he knew that they must be watched over by some god to whom they were dear; so he took them home, and gave them to his wife to care for them. These two boys grew up wild and strong, like the children of the shepherd, with whom they lived in his hut of straw. They used to fight wild beasts and robbers, and showed their noble birth by their courage and their natural leadership.

Although no one knew that they were of royal blood, they had scarcely grown up to young manhood before they each had a band of followers, with whom they used to go out hunting, and driving away the brigands who came to rob the king.

Numitor, the king's brother, although he had been deprived of his rights as king, still lived a very rich man, in the kingdom. One day a quarrel arose between the shepherds of Numitor and Romulus and Remus, who were with the king's shepherds, in the course of which Romulus and Remus fell into an ambush, were captured, and led before Numitor.

The moment Numitor saw the boys he was impressed with their appearance: they bore the family likeness: and

from their apparent age, they must have been born not far from the time when his own unhappy daughter Sylvia's babies were placed in the waters of the Tiber by the command of the cruel king.

Faustulus, the good shepherd who had brought up the boys, hearing of their capture, followed them to Numitor's palace, and seeing that Numitor had become interested in them, told him all the story, — how he had found the babies cared for by a wolf, and had seen the cradle standing under a fig tree on the banks of the Tiber. He presented so many proofs, that there was no doubt left in Numitor's mind. These were his own grandsons. He made himself known to them, and welcomed them to his palace.

As soon as they knew that they were the grandsons of the dethroned king, they determined to regain the kingdom for their grandfather. So taking the bands of young men with whom they had been accustomed to fight wild beasts and robbers, they attacked the king and his followers. The king was slain in the battle, and Numitor, the rightful sovereign, was finally placed upon the throne. Their grateful grandfather gave Romulus and Remus a large tract of land on the banks of the Tiber, and told them that they might there build a city, and rule over it themselves.

Immediately they began to dispute as to the name and site of the town; Remus wanting to give it one name and Romulus another, and each had his own favorite spot for building. Finally they decided to leave it to the gods, to be settled by a flight of birds, as was then the custom in cases of dispute. So they sat down, each on his favorite hill, to watch for the birds. Soon Remus saw six vultures flying over, but almost at the same time Romulus saw twelve, and their companions decided that the gods favored him.

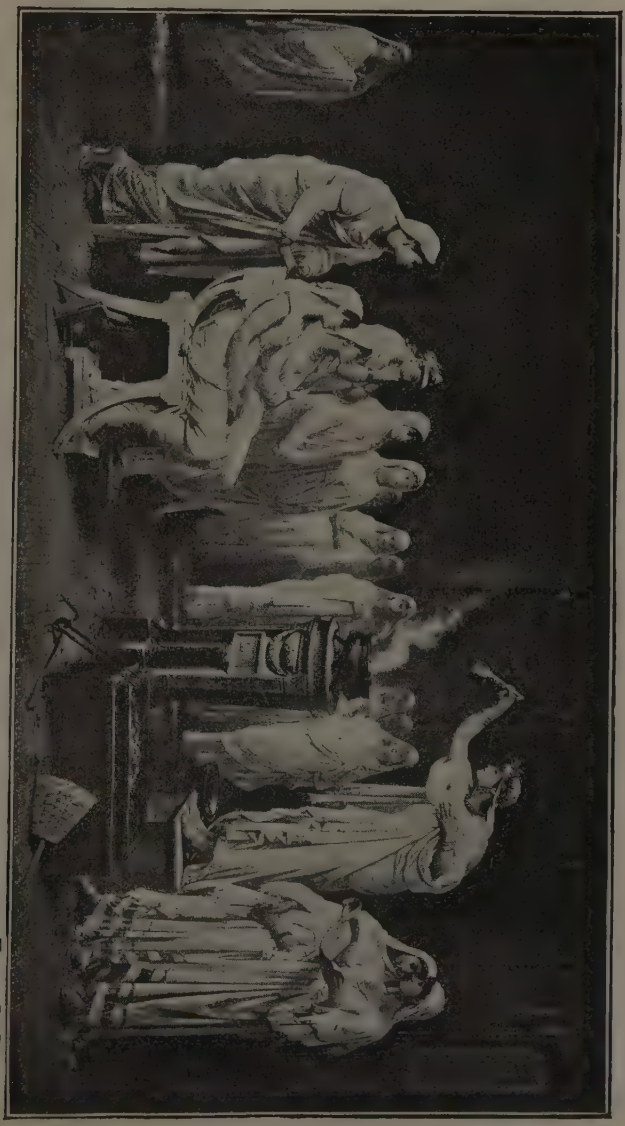
Romulus said that the town should be built on his hill, called the Palatine. Then he yoked together a bull and a heifer, and with a bronze plow marked out the plan of the future city. With the aid of his companions, he began to build a little mud wall to mark it still more plainly.

While he was doing this, Remus, jealous of the choice of Romulus and laughing at the small beginnings, leaped over the wall in derision. One of Romulus's companions, named Celer, or the Quick One, crying out, "Thus perish every one who shall cross these walls," struck Remus at once with such violence that it killed him.

Thus Romulus was left sole ruler of the new town, which he called Rome after his own name. With his little band of followers, he built his wall higher, so that they could easily defend themselves from the attacks of the wild tribes living around them. In order to draw more people to his town, Romulus built an asylum, or place of refuge, for those who had been in trouble in their own towns or for any reason had been driven away from their homes, till soon he had a large number of people living within the mud walls of his little village. Many of them were wild and rough, but they were brave.

They were all men, and they wanted wives to make homes for them. Romulus asked the people of the neighboring towns to become friends with them and allow their daughters to be married to the men of Rome, but they all refused with scorn. "Open an asylum for women too," they said. Romulus and his people were not pleased, you may be sure, with these answers, and they decided to try other ways to get wives for themselves.

A great festival was held by the people of that region in honor of some god; men, women, and children were there.



SCHOOL OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS (Page 490).

HECTOR LE ROUX.

In the midst of the festivities, Romulus and his men rushed in and seized as many of the unmarried girls as they could. These they carried off with them to Rome and married them, though they were unwilling brides. But the Romans were not so cruel as they had been supposed to be. They treated their new wives with so great kindness that before long they had won their love, and the women began to be proud of their Roman husbands.

The people of the cities whose maidens had been thus taken and married by force to the wild young men of the new city, took up arms at once to win back the girls, but the Romans were too strong for them. Finally the Sabines, led by their king, Tatius, were more successful than the others had been; they broke through the outer wall and secured possession of all but the citadel or central hill, which was surrounded by a strong inner wall, and on which all the Romans with their new wives were staying for safety.

For a long time the Romans successfully defended themselves here, but finally Tarpeia,[1] one of the captured girls, who seemed to have been a vain and fickle damsel, went secretly to the Sabines and said to them, "If you will give me what you wear on your left arms, I will open the gates for you at night." She expected to receive the golden bracelets which the Sabines all wore. They promised, and she opened the gate, when they all threw upon her their heavy shields, — and killed her with the weight.

The Sabines, having thus gained admission to the citadel, and having surprised the Romans unarmed, were at first successful. But Romulus, the son of Mars, whose courage never failed him, seeing his followers beginning to flee, rushed before them, and made a vow to Jupiter to build

[1] Tar-pe'ia (Tar-pē'yä).

him a temple if he would stay the fight. Scarcely had he spoken when a wonderful thing happened.

The captive Sabine women, standing on the highest parts of the citadel, had watched the battle with great distress; on one side were their fathers and brothers, whom they had loved from childhood, and on the other their husbands, whom they had learned to love since their capture. Suddenly they rushed down the hill and threw themselves between the two armies, embracing now their husbands, and now their fathers and brothers. They begged them to put an end to the fight. The warriors on both sides yielded to the entreaties of the women, a peace was made, and the two nations became one. Janus, a god with two heads, became the symbol of the new nation.

After a few years, Tatius,[1] king of the Sabines, was killed in battle; then the Sabines chose Romulus for their king, and from that time he was ruler over both nations, which had now become really one. This was the beginning of Rome. Romulus reigned many years, conquering the neighboring tribes, and making his kingdom larger and more powerful each year.

One day, when he was reviewing his army, a great storm arose. So violent was it that the people all fled to places of safety. Soon the storm passed and the people returned; but King Romulus was nowhere to be seen, nor was he ever seen again by mortal eye. But Proculus,[2] a senator, declared that he had seen him ascending to the heavens, in the midst of thunder and lightning, in the chariot of his father Mars, who had come down to earth to claim his son. The Romans ever after worshiped Romulus as a god, under the name Quirinus.[3]

[1] **Ta'tius** (-shus). [2] **Proc'u-lus.** [3] **Qui-ri'nus.**

These are some of the stories which the Romans told of the beginnings of their city. We cannot tell how much of them is truth, or how much was added by the imaginations of the people, as the tales passed from mouth to mouth through many generations before they were written down. At any rate, they show us the character of the Roman people, and enable us to understand how, by the exercise of courage and the manly virtues, the inhabitants of the little village on the Tiber grew into the most powerful nation in the world.

XXXVII. THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

AFTER the death of Romulus six kings are said to have ruled over the Romans, each being elected in turn by the people. Some, like Numa, were peaceful kings, and developed law and order among the Romans; others, such as Tullus, were warriors, and spread the Roman power over the neighboring tribes.

Alba Longa, the mother city, founded by Ascanius, had, by degrees, become a stranger to her colony, Rome. From jealousy or some other cause, an unfriendly feeling grew up between the two cities, which finally ended in a war. Two great armies were raised, — one of Romans and one of Albans.

In each army were many friends and relatives of those in the other, and they could not endure the thought of fighting one another. For a long time they stood face to face, neither wishing to begin the terrible strife in which friends might be forced to kill friends.

There was in each army a family of three brothers of equal age; those of the Romans being called Horatii, and

those of the Albans being called Curiatii. It was agreed that these brothers should fight three against three, and that the armies should submit to the result of their battle.

When the conditions had all been made, the herald of the Romans thus proclaimed: "Hear, Jupiter! hear, Father of the Alban people! hear, too, Alban people! The Roman people will never be the first to violate the conditions written on these tablets which have been read to you, from the first line to the last, without fraud or falsehood. From this day they are clearly understood by all. If it should happen that by public deliberation or unworthy deceit the Roman people has violated them, then, great Jupiter, strike them as I strike this swine, and strike with more severity as thy power is greater."

Then he struck the skull of a pig with a stone. The Albans by the mouths of their priests repeated the same oath. When the agreement was made and confirmed by these oaths, the three brothers on each side took arms.

The cheers of their fellow citizens stirred them; burning with courage they advanced between the two armies; the signal was given; the six champions sprang forward, sword in hand. Heedless of their own danger, each thought only of the future of his country, whose fate rested upon their deeds. At the first clash of arms, a dreadful horror seized the spectators. Soon, of the three Romans, two fell. The Alban army uttered shouts of joy; the Romans looked with despair on the last of the Horatii, but he was unharmed, while the three Curiatii were all wounded.

He quickly determined his course; he could not fight them all at once, but, being unwounded, he was more than a match for each one of them alone. So he pretended to flee, while the Curiatii followed him and the Albans jeered,

when what he expected happened, as his three foes were all wounded. In following him they became separated, when, suddenly, to the joy and astonishment of the Romans, who had begun to think him a coward, he turned, and, taking each of his enemies in turn, came off victor.

Great was the joy of the Romans to thus become rulers over the mother city. They led the brave Horatius back to town in triumph. But, alas! this splendid victory was soon to be stained by a terrible crime.

The sister of Horatius was betrothed to one of the Curiatii. When she saw her brother coming back with her lover's cloak upon his shoulders, she burst into tears and cried aloud for her husband. Angered at seeing his sister's tears insult his triumph and the joy of Rome, Horatius drew his sword and killed the girl, exclaiming, "Go with thy mad love, thou who forgettest thy brothers and thy country. So perish every Roman woman who shall dare to weep the death of an enemy!"

The Romans were horrified at the dreadful deed, and Horatius was condemned to death. He at once appealed to the people; then his father, an old man, came forward and pleaded for his son's life, saying that he had already lost all his children but this one; he called the attention of the people to the brave deeds of the day, and begged them to spare him his last child.

Moved by the father's tears, the people consented to spare the life of Horatius, but obliged his father to pay a fine for the freedom of his son. Then the aged man placed across the street a beam, under which he made his son to pass with veiled head, as a token of his penitence. This beam was preserved for many, many years, and was called the Sister's Beam.

XXXVIII. THE LAST OF THE KINGS.

THE last of the Roman kings was Tarquin the Proud. He was a wicked and cruel tyrant, who, with his still more wicked sons, oppressed and wronged the people in many ways. There was a young man named Brutus who was related to the king, and was very brave and popular. The king was so jealous of him that the youth became afraid for his life. Finally, in order to save himself from the king's jealousy, Brutus pretended to be foolish, and went about as if he had lost his mind, thinking that the king would certainly not be afraid or jealous of an idiot.

In times of great peril, or when the Romans wished to know something of great importance to the state, they used to send to consult "oracles," as they were called. These oracles were found in different parts of Italy and Greece. The priests or priestesses who presided over them pretended to speak for the gods, and to answer the questions that were put to them about the future as truthfully as if the gods had told them what to say.

There was a famous oracle at Delphi in Greece. It was so famous that Tarquin had heard of it in Italy. For some reason he wished to know which one of his sons should be king after him; so he sent them to Delphi to ask the oracle. With them went Brutus, whom they supposed to be foolish and harmless; when they came to Delphi they asked the priestess, "Who of us shall succeed Tarquin as ruler of Rome?" "He," said the oracle, "who first kisses his mother."

At once the two sons of the king made haste to start upon the long journey home, each hoping to outstrip the other and reach his mother first; but Brutus, running awkwardly along, pretending to stumble, fell upon his face and kissed the ground, "For the earth," said he, "is the mother of us all." Brutus, the supposed fool, was brighter than the rest, and alone saw the hidden meaning of the priestess's reply.

After many years of tyranny, the people of Rome became greatly enraged against Tarquin and his family, whose wicked oppression they felt they could endure no longer. Brutus was especially bitter because — as the result of one of the many wicked acts of Sextus, Tarquin's son — Lucretia, the wife of his friend Collatinus, had lost her life. Over her dead body many of the noblest young men of Rome, with Brutus as their leader, called their gods to witness that they would no longer allow a king in Rome, and that the family of Tarquin should not be permitted to live within the state. The people, aroused, followed them to arms, and King Tarquin and all his family were obliged to flee for their lives.

Thus ended the long line of Roman kings. A new form of government was agreed upon; instead of kings, who might oppress the people as Tarquin had done, two consuls were elected every year, so that no one could stay long in office. Brutus now saw the prophecy of the oracle fulfilled, for he was elected one of the first consuls.

But the Tarquins did not give up so easily as at first appeared. They sent to the neighboring tribes that were enemies of the Roman people and stirred them up to war. Battle after battle followed with many tribes, and it was years before the last of the Tarquins, the old king himself,

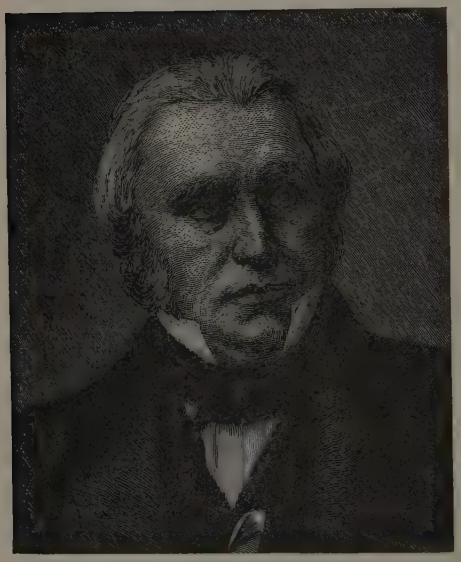
PRESENT ASPECT OF THE ROMAN FORUM.

was killed in battle and the fear of this dread family was removed from Rome. Ever after in their history the name of king was hated by them.

XXXIX. HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

By Thomas Babington Macaulay.

(1800–1859.)



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was an English writer of essays, histories, and poems, very much admired in his day, and still read by many people with great pleasure. He was a master of clear, vigorous English, using always the right word in the right place. His literary style is forceful and brilliant, and worthy of careful study by his readers. Macaulay's principal poems, of which the following is one, were called "Lays of Ancient Rome," and told in poetical form some of the famous stories about the ancient Romans. Sextus, that one of Tarquin's sons who had been the chief cause of the Romans' hatred, gathered a large army against Rome and marched with them to the very banks of the Tiber opposite the city. There was but one bridge over the river, and if this could be defended the city was safe; Lord Macaulay, in this poem, tells how it was defended by Horatius Cocles and his two brave companions.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beach and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;

And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of the laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena:
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;

Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spoke the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.
And nearer, fast, and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war note proud,

The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above the glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was the highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name,
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.

Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Ramnian proud was he —
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius —
Of Titian blood was he —
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.
Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;

And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at the deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
  Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
  In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
  Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
  Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
  To lead such dire attack?
But those behind cried "Forward!"
  And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
  Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
  Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
  Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
  And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
  Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
  Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
  Thrice looked he at the dead;

And thrice came on in fury,
  And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
  Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
  The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever
  Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
  Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
  Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
  Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
  Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
  Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,

And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise.
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

And fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus·
"Will not the villain drown?

But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.
And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;
When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;
When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

XL. THE ISLET.[1]

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

(1850–1894.)

WITH my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the sand, barefoot and beating my breast, with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance, which put me in mind of my perils and those of my friend. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning, and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes and climbed a hill, — the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook, — falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite, or leaping from one to another. When I got to

[1] This story of "The Islet" is a chapter from Stevenson's novel "Kidnapped," which is given here with the hope that it will induce pupils to read the entire novel, which is most interesting and thrilling. Dubois, who is telling the story about himself, was properly heir to an estate which was held by a wicked uncle. The uncle, anxious to get him out of the way, hired a brutal sailor to kidnap him with the idea that he should be sold as a slave in the South Sea Islands. He managed to make his escape in a way which you will learn when you read the book, and was cast ashore upon a barren island off the coast of Scotland. This chapter tells you how he escaped from the island.

the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land, was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and weariness, and my stomach that now began

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to ache with hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

After a little, my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the

roughest kind of walking; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighboring part of Mull (which they call the Ross), is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing, as I had looked to see; but presently, to my surprise, it began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth; until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist, so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore I plumped in head over ears; and if ever I was heard of more it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap; and having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

And now, all at once, the yard came in my head. What had carried me through the roost would surely serve me to cross this little quiet creek in safety. With that I set off undaunted, across the top of the isle, to fetch and carry it back. It was a weary tramp in all ways, and if hope had not buoyed me up, I must have cast myself down and given up. Whether with the sea salt, or because I was growing fevered, I was distressed with thirst, and had to stop, as I went, and drink the peaty water out of the hags.

I came to the bay at last, more dead than alive; and at the first glance, I thought the yard was something farther

out than when I left it. In I went, for the third time, into the sea. The sand was smooth and firm, and shelved gradually down, so that I could wade out till the water was almost to my neck and the little waves splashed into my face. But at that depth my feet began to leave me, and I durst venture in no farther. As for the yard, I saw it bobbing very quietly some twenty feet in front of me. I had borne up well until this last disappointment; but at that I came ashore, and flung myself down upon the sands and wept.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shellfish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had

no other) did better with me and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me. All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night between two bowlders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious manner. But the creek, or straits, that cut off the isle from the mainland of the Ross, opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the sound of Iona; and it was the neighborhood of this place that I chose to be my home, though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out crying.

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had partly fallen in, so that the hut was of little use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shellfish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time, and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that is hunted), between fear and hope

that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of the great ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness, and think of

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the fireside and the company till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish (which had soon grown to be a disgust), and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

I say it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright lookout for boats on the sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came to me. It still rained; and I turned in to sleep as wet as ever, and with a cruel sore throat, but a little comforted, perhaps, by having said good night to my next neighbors, the people of Iona.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of the summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

This was the day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the straits; though what should bring any creature to Earraid, was more than I could fancy.

A little after, as I was jumping about after my limpets, I was startled by a guinea piece, which fell upon a rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out I carried my gold loose in a pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a

hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found no more than two guinea pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little after, where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a fortune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir of an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands.

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot; my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore; my strength had much abated; and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And the worst was yet to come.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that ever I stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out

and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock, and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear, — I could even see the color of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles, I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the oar; and now, the second time, when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning; and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat again, but with such loathing of the mess as I could now scarcely control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again. I had all my first pains; my throat was so sore I could scarce swallow; I had a fit of strong shuddering, which clucked my teeth together; and there came on me that dreadful sense of illness, which we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God,

forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers; and as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me. I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal. Truly, I was in a better case than ever before since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude. The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine), I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction. I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought those men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry, I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout. All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair,

which the one had of a bright yellow, and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me. Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer," several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes-yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out—?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy could not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish, — even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggar-man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat. I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

XLI. ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISHES.

By Thomas Gray.

(1716–1771.)

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue,
Though richest purple to the view,
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
A whisker first and then a claw;
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold.

XLII. OBJECT LESSONS.

By Henry Ward Beecher.

(1813–1887.)

ONE would almost think that eyes were an arrangement to prevent people from seeing. The same thought passed in the mind of the old prophet thousands of years ago: Eyes have they, but they see not. It is astonishing to observe both what people do see and what they do not. One pair of eyes, for instance, will return from a crowded church, and will have seen (by an almost supernatural faculty, as it seems to us) every bonnet, every ribbon, every dress, every significant look, every posture or action, of a thousand people. Our own eyes, looking upon the same scene, would have seen not one of all these things!

One pair of eyes will go through the length of Broadway, and see only those who seem to look upon the owner of said eyes. Another pair will not have seen one person in that long walk, nor have missed one horse that walked, trotted, capered, or steadily pulled.

One man will see all the children, — the sweet, rosy-faced, clean ones, gladly; the ragged and keen-faced ones,

sadly. One man will see all that art can exhibit, and another nothing of it all. One man sees machines and all mechanical contrivances; another sees only dresses and showy things. Now and then there is a rare head whose eyes seem to take in everything, — from a mouse that scuds into a hole, up through all varieties of still or active life to the very top. And some there be who seem to see nothing. For all the effect produced upon them, Broadway is as empty as a street in Tadmor. Their eyes seem to have been made up with unprepared nerve; so that, like a daguerrean plate without chemical coating, nothing acts upon it, and no picture is burnt in.

It is a great pity that we are not taught, in our early days, how to see. It is more important than reading and writing, than arithmetic or geography. In a world of boundless treasures, above, beneath, on every side, we walk as if there were but few things worth seeing. And even these, when we have looked upon them once or twice, we exhaust, and suppose that we have really seen them!

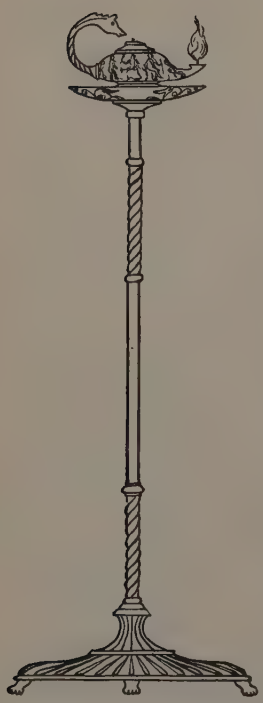
A man shall pass and repass a burdock growing near the path which he daily treads going to and returning from his work. He would laugh if he were told that he did not know that familiar plant. And yet, in making it, God put upon it and within it a hundred things which are worth observation, but which this man never sees or suspects. The least things that come from God's hands are so full, so compact of qualities, that they will bear close scrutiny and long study. And we think that the chief advantage to be derived from teaching children to draw is not to be found in the pictures made, but in the new eyesight gained. This, however, implies that they are taught to draw directly

from nature, and not from copy books. Let a child study a plant, in order to draw it, and he will find out more about it in one day than otherwise he would in a lifetime. We only glance at things.

We overlook more than we see in the things which we see most thoroughly. It would be a good exercise for winter evenings for children to have placed before them a rosebush in a flowerpot, and then let each tell what he sees, and keep the list; and then let older eyes do the same; and then, from all together, make out a more complete one; and laying it aside, every day when things occur afterwards, let them be put down.

The eye is susceptible of more training than perhaps any other of the senses. Fineness of sight, length of vision, comprehensiveness, or the number of things taken in at once, and rapidly, — these may be so far developed that the educated eye is as far above the uneducated as a refined and cultivated mind is beyond a savage one. Houdin, the great French necromancer, relates the practice of himself and son in preparing for one part of their jugglery. They trained their eyes to take in at a glance, from a shop window, from a store full of varieties, from the face of books in a library, the greatest number of things. They came to such perfection that in simply walking past a library case they could afterward tell you nearly every book on its shelves, and its relative position. Their eyes seemed to be acted upon in a manner not unlike the photographic process. A picture was instantly formed. And, afterward it rose up before their memories as if the original thing stood before them. Such incidents show how little use is yet made of eyes, and how little we suspect their capabilities of education.

XLIII. THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES.



AT the end of the Trojan War, about which you have read, the Greeks, having conquered the city and taken all its treasures for themselves, started on their homeward journey. Ulysses,[1] who was known as the wisest of the Greeks, set sail with his army for his home on the island of Ithaca, hoping soon to see his beloved wife and son; but he was not destined to see them for a long time. For ten years he wandered about from land to land, meeting many strange adventures, losing his companions, often being lost himself, before he reached his beloved Greece. But at length he escaped from all his perils and arrived at home.

He was now an old man, but still as strong as when he set out for Troy. His father was Laertes,[2] his wife Penelope,[3] and his son Telemachus.[4] The goddess Athene took Ulysses under her care, and led him to his home. He was filled with joy and eager expectation at the thought that he should once more see his loved ones.

All this, and much more, is told in the second great poem of the old blind poet Homer. This poem is called "The Odyssey,"[5] from Odysseus,[6] one of the names of Ulysses.

[1] U-lys'ses. [2] La-er'tes. [3] Pe-nel'o-pe. [4] Te-lem'a-chus. [5] Od'ys-sey. [6] O-dys'seus.

What follows here is taken from Homer's poem and re-told by the great English writer, Charles Lamb (1775–1834).

I. THE CHANGE FROM A KING TO A BEGGAR.

NOT long did Athene suffer Ulysses to indulge vain transports; but, chiefly recounting to him the events which had taken place in Ithaca during his absence, showed him that his way to his wife and throne did not lie so open, but that before he were reinstated in the secure possession of them he must encounter many difficulties. His palace, wanting its king, was become the resort of insolent and imperious men, the chief nobility of Ithaca and of the neighboring isles, who, in the confidence of Ulysses being dead, came as suitors to Penelope. The queen (it was true) continued single, but was little better than a state prisoner in the power of these men, who, under a pretense of waiting her decision, occupied the king's house rather as owners than guests, lording and domineering at their pleasure, profaning the palace and wasting the royal substance with their feasts and mad riots.

Moreover, the goddess told him how, fearing the attempts of these lawless men upon the person of his young son Telemachus, she herself had put it into the heart of the prince to go and seek his father in far countries; how in the shape of Mentor she had borne him company in his long search, which, though failing, as she meant it should fail, in its first object, had yet had this effect, that through hardships he had learned endurance, through experience he had gathered wisdom, and wherever his footsteps had been he had left such memorials of his worth that the name of Ulysses's son was already blown

throughout the world; that it was now not many days since Telemachus had arrived in the island, to the great joy of the queen, his mother, who had thought him dead by reason of his long absence, and had begun to mourn for him with a grief equal to that which she endured for Ulysses,—the goddess herself having so ordered the course of his adventures that the time of his return should correspond with the return of Ulysses, that they might together concert measures how to repress the power and insolence of those wicked suitors.

This the goddess told him; but of the particulars of his son's adventures, of his having been detained in the Delightful Island, which his father had so lately left, of Calypso[1] and her nymphs, and the many strange occurrences which may be read with profit and delight in the history of the prince's adventures, she forbore to tell him as yet, judging that he would hear them with greater pleasure from the lips of his son Telemachus, when he should have him in an hour of stillness and safety, when their work should be done, and none of their enemies left to trouble them.

Then they sat down, the goddess and Ulysses, at the foot of a wild olive tree, consulting how they might with safety bring about his restoration. And when Ulysses revolved in his mind how that his enemies were a multitude, and he single, he began to despond, and he said, "I shall die an ill death like Agamemnon;[2] in the threshold of my own house I shall perish, like that unfortunate monarch, slain by some one of my wife's suitors." But then again calling to mind his ancient courage, he secretly wished that Athene would but breathe such a spirit into his bosom as she had inflamed

[1] Ca-lyp'so. [2] Ag-a-mem'non.

him with in the hour of Troy's destruction, that he might encounter with three hundred of those impudent suitors at once, and strew the pavements of his beautiful palace with their bodies.

And Athene knew his thoughts, and she said, "I will be strongly with thee if thou fail not to do thy part. And for a sign between us that I will perform my promise, and for a token on thy part of obedience, I must change thee, that thy person may not be known to men."

Then Ulysses bowed his head to receive the divine impression, and Athene by her great power changed his person so that it might not be known. She changed him in appearance into a very old man, yet such a one as by his limbs and gait seemed to have been some considerable person in his time, and to retain yet some remains of his once prodigious strength. Also, instead of those rich robes in which king Alcinous[1] had clothed him, she threw over his limbs such old and tattered rags as wandering beggars usually wear. A staff supported his steps, and a scrip hung to his back, such as traveling mendicants use to hold the scraps which are given to them at rich men's doors. So from a king he became a beggar, as wise Tiresias[2] had predicted to him in the shades.

To complete his humiliation, and to prove his obedience by suffering, she next directed him in this beggarly attire to go and present himself to his old herdsman Eumæus,[3] who had the care of his swine and his cattle, and had been a faithful steward to him all the time of his absence. Then, strictly charging Ulysses that he should reveal himself to no man but to his own son, whom she would send to him when she saw occasion, the goddess went her way.

[1] Al-cin'o-us. [2] Ti-re'si-as. [3] Eu-mæ'us.

II. EUMÆUS AND THE HERDSMEN.

THE transformed Ulysses bent his course to the cottage of the herdsman, and, entering in at the front court, the dogs, of which Eumæus kept many fierce ones for the protection of the cattle, flew with open mouths upon him, as those ignoble animals have, oftentimes, an antipathy to the sight of anything like a beggar, and would have rent him in pieces with their teeth if Ulysses had not had the prudence to let fall his staff, which had chiefly provoked their fury, and sat himself down in a careless fashion upon the ground; but for all that some serious hurt had certainly been done to him, so raging the dogs were, had not the herdsman, whom the barking of the dogs had fetched out of the house, with shouting and with throwing of stones repressed them.

He said, when he saw Ulysses, "Old father, how near you were to being torn in pieces by these rude dogs! I should never have forgiven myself if through neglect of mine any hurt had happened to you. But Heaven has given me so many cares to my portion that I might well be excused for not attending to everything, while here I lie grieving and mourning for the absence of that majesty which once ruled here, and am forced to fatten his swine and his cattle for food to evil men, who hate him and who wish his death; when he, perhaps, strays up and down the world, and has not wherewith to appease hunger, if indeed he yet lives (which is a question) and enjoys the cheerful light of the sun." This he said, little thinking that he of whom he spoke now stood before him, and that in that uncouth disguise and beggarly obscurity was present the hidden majesty of Ulysses.

Then he had his guest into the house, and set meat and drink before him; and Ulysses said, "May Jove and all the other gods requite you for the kind speeches and hospitable usage which you have shown me."

Eumæus made answer: "My poor guest, if one in much worse plight than yourself had arrived here, it were a shame to such scanty means as I have if I had let him depart without entertaining him to the best of my ability. Poor men, and such as have no houses of their own, are by Jove himself recommended to our care. But the cheer which we that are servants to other men have to bestow is but sorry at most, yet freely and lovingly I give it you. Indeed, there once ruled here a man, whose return the gods have set their faces against, who, if he had been suffered to reign in peace and grow old among us, would have been kind to me and mine. But he is gone; and for his sake would to God that the whole posterity of Helen might perish with her, since in her quarrel so many worthies have perished! But such as your fare is, eat it and be welcome, — such lean beasts as are food for poor herdsmen. The fattest go to feed the voracious stomachs of the queen's suitors. Shame on their unworthiness! There is no day in which two or three of the noblest of the herd are not slain to support their feasts and their surfeits."

Ulysses gave good ear to his words; and as he ate his meat he even tore it and rent it with his teeth, for mere vexation that his fat cattle should be slain to glut the appetites of those godless suitors. And he said, "What chief or what ruler is this that thou commendest so highly, and sayest that he perished at Troy? I am but a stranger in these parts. It may be I have heard of some such in my long travels."

Eumæus answered, "Old father, never any one of all the strangers that have come to our coast with news of Ulysses being alive could gain credit with the queen or her son yet. These travelers, to get raiment or a meal, will not stick to invent any lie. Truth is not the commodity they deal in. Never did the queen get anything of them but lies. She receives all that come graciously, hears their stories, inquires all she can, but all ends in tears and dissatisfaction. But in God's name, old father, if you have got a tale, make the most of 't; may it gain you a cloak or a coat from somebody to keep you warm! but for him who is the subject of it, dogs and vultures long since have torn him limb from limb, or some great fish at sea has devoured him, or he lieth with no better monument upon his bones than the sea sand. But for me past all the race of men were tears created, for I never shall find so kind a royal master more; not if my father or my mother could come again and visit me from the tomb, would my eyes be so blessed as they should be with the sight of him again, coming as from the dead. In his last rest my soul shall love him. He is not here, nor do I name him as a flatterer, but because I am thankful for his love and care which he had to me a poor man; and if I knew surely that he were past all shores that the sun shines upon, I would invoke him as a deified being."

For this saying of Eumæus the waters stood in Ulysses's eyes, and he said, "My friend, to say and to affirm positively that he cannot be alive is to give too much license to incredulity. For, not to speak at random, but with as much solemnity as an oath comes to, I say to you that Ulysses shall return, and whenever that day shall be, then shall you give to me a cloak and a coat; but till then I will

not receive so much as a thread of a garment, but rather go naked; for no less than the gates of hell do I hate that man whom poverty can force to tell an untruth. Be Jove, then, witness to my words, that this very year, nay, ere this month be fully ended, your eyes shall behold Ulysses dealing vengeance in his own palace upon the wrongers of his wife and his son!"

To give the better credence to his words, he amused Eumæus with a forged story of his life, feigning of himself that he was a Cretan born, and one that went with Idomeneus[1] to the wars of Troy. Also he said that he knew Ulysses, and related various passages which he alleged to have happened betwixt Ulysses and himself, which were either true in the main, as having really happened between Ulysses and some other person, or were so like to truth, as corresponding with the known character and actions of Ulysses, that Eumæus's incredulity was not a little shaken. Among other things he asserted that he had lately been entertained in the court of Thesprotia, where the king's son of the country had told him that Ulysses had been there but just before him, and was gone upon a voyage to the oracle of Jove in Dodona,[2] whence he should shortly return, and a ship would be ready by the bounty of the Thesprotians to convoy him straight to Ithaca. "And in token that what I tell you is true," said Ulysses, "if your king come not within the period which I have named, you shall have leave to give your servants commandment to take my old carcass and throw it headlong from some steep rock into the sea, that poor men, taking example by me, may fear to lie." But Eumæus made answer that that should be small satisfaction or pleasure to him.

[1] I-dom'e-neus. [2] Do-do'na.

So while they sat discoursing in this manner, supper was served in, and the servants of the herdsman, who had been out all day in the fields, came in to supper and took their seats at the fire, for the night was bitter and frosty. After supper, Ulysses, who had well eaten and drunken, and was refreshed with the herdsman's good cheer, was resolved to try whether his host's hospitality would extend to the lending him a good warm mantle or rug to cover him in the night season; and framing an artful tale for the purpose, in a merry mood, filling a cup of Greek wine, he thus began: —

"I will tell you a story of your king Ulysses and myself. We led our powers to ambush once under the walls of Troy."

The herdsmen crowded about him eager to hear anything which related to their king Ulysses and the wars of Troy, and thus he went on: —

"I remember, Ulysses and Menelaus[1] had the direction of that enterprise, and they were pleased to join me with them in the command. I was at that time in some repute among men, though fortune has played me a trick since, as you may perceive. But I was somebody in those times, and could do something. Be that as it may, a bitter freezing night it was, such a night as this; the air cut like steel, and the sleet gathered on our shields like crystal. There were some twenty of us that lay close crouched down among the reeds and bulrushes that grew in the moat that goes round the city. The rest of us made tolerable shift, for every man had been careful to bring with him a good cloak or mantle to wrap over his armor and keep himself warm; but I, as it chanced, had left my cloak behind me, as not expecting that the night would prove so cold, or rather, I

[1] Men-e-la'us.

believe, because I had at that time a brave suit of new armor on, which, being a soldier, and having some of the soldier's vice about me, — vanity, — I was not willing should be hidden under a cloak; but I paid for my indiscretion with my sufferings, for with the inclement night, and the wet of the ditch in which we lay, I was well-nigh frozen to death.

"And when I could endure no longer, I jogged Ulysses who was next to me, and had a nimble ear, and made known my case to him, assuring him that I must inevitably perish. He answered in a low whisper, 'Hush, lest any Greek should hear you, and take notice of your softness.' Not a word more he said, but showed as if he had no pity for the plight I was in. But he was as considerate as he was brave; and even then, as he lay with his head reposing upon his hand, he was meditating how to relieve me without exposing my weakness to the soldiers. At last, raising up his head, he made as if he had been asleep, and said, 'Friends, I have been warned in a dream to send to the fleet to King Agamemnon for a supply to recruit our numbers, for we are not sufficient for this enterprise;' and they, believing him, one Thoas was dispatched on that errand, who, departing, for more speed, as Ulysses had foreseen, left his upper garment behind him, a good warm mantle, to which I succeeded, and by the help of it got through the night with credit. This shift Ulysses made for one in need, and would to heaven that I had now that strength in my limbs which made me in those days to be accounted fit to be a leader under Ulysses! I should not then want the loan of a cloak or a mantle to wrap about me and shield my old limbs from the night air."

The tale pleased the herdsmen; and Eumæus, who, more

than all the rest, was gratified to hear tales of Ulysses, true or false, said that for his story he deserved a mantle and a night's lodging, which he should have. And he spread for him a bed of goat and sheep skins by the fire; and the seeming beggar, who was indeed the true Ulysses, lay down and slept under that poor roof, in that abject disguise to which the will of Athene had subjected him.

When the morning was come, Ulysses made offer to depart, as if he were not willing to burden his host's hospitality any longer, but said that he would go and try the humanity of the townsfolk, if any there would bestow upon him a bit of bread or a cup of drink. Perhaps the queen's suitors, he said, out of their full feasts, would bestow a scrap on him; for he could wait at table, if need were, and play the nimble serving-man; he could fetch wood, he said, or build a fire, prepare roast meat or boiled, mix the wine with water, or do any of those offices which recommended poor men like him to services in great men's houses.

"Alas! poor guest," said Eumæus, "you know not what you speak. What should so poor and old a man as you do at the suitors' tables? Their light minds are not given to such grave servitors. They must have youths, richly tricked out in flowing vests, with curled hair, like so many of Jove's cup-bearers, to fill out the wine to them as they sit at table, and to shift their trenchers. Their gorged insolence would but despise and make a mock at thy age. Stay here. Perhaps the queen, or Telemachus, hearing of thy arrival, may send to thee of their bounty."

As he spake these words, the steps of one crossing the front court were heard, and a noise of the dogs fawning and leaping about as for joy; by which token Eumæus guessed

that it was the prince, who, hearing of a traveler being arrived at Eumæus's cottage that brought tidings of his father, was come to search the truth; and Eumæus said, "It is the tread of Telemachus, the son of King Ulysses." Before he could well speak the words, the prince was at the door, whom Ulysses rising to receive, Telemachus would not suffer that so aged a man, as he appeared, should rise to do respect to him, but he courteously and reverently took him by the hand, and inclined his head to him, as if he had surely known that it was his father indeed; but Ulysses covered his eyes with his hands, that he might not show the waters which stood in them.

III. ULYSSES AND TELEMACHUS.

AND Telemachus said, "Is this the man who can tell us tidings of the king my father?"

"He brags himself to be a Cretan born," said Eumæus, "and that he has been a soldier and a traveler, but whether he speak the truth or not he alone can tell. But whatsoever he has been, what he is now is apparent. Such as he appears, I give him to you; do what you will with him. His boast at present is that he is at the very best a supplicant."

"Be he what he may," said Telemachus, "I accept him at your hands. But where I should bestow him I know not, seeing that in the palace his age would not exempt him from the scorn and contempt which my mother's suitors in their light minds would be sure to fling upon him; a mercy if he escaped without blows, for they are a company of evil men, whose profession is wrongs and violence."

Ulysses answered: "Since it is free for any man to speak in presence of your greatness, I must say that my

heart puts on a wolfish inclination to tear and to devour, hearing your speech that these suitors should with such injustice rage where you should have the rule solely. What should the cause be? Do you willfully give way to their ill manners, or has your government been such as has procured ill-will towards you from your people, or do you mistrust your kinsfolk and friends in such sort as without trial to decline their aid? A man's kindred are they that he might trust to when extremities run high."

Telemachus replied: "The kindred of Ulysses are few. I have no brothers to assist me in the strife. But the suitors are powerful in kindred and friends. The house of old Arcesius[1] has had this fate from the heavens, that from old it has still been supplied with single heirs. To Arcesius, Laertes only was born, from Laertes descended only Ulysses, from Ulysses I alone have sprung, whom he left so young that from me comfort never arose to him. But the end of all rests in the hands of the gods."

Then Eumæus departing to see to some necessary business of his herds, Athene took a woman's shape, and stood in the entry of the door, and was seen by Ulysses, but by his son she was not seen, for the presences of the gods are invisible save to those to whom they will to reveal themselves. Nevertheless, the dogs which were about the door saw the goddess, and durst not bark, but went crouching and licking of the dust for fear. And giving signs to Ulysses that the time was now come in which he should make himself known to his son, by her great power she changed back his shape into the same which it was before she transformed him; and Telemachus, who saw the change, but nothing of the manner by which it was effected, only he saw the ap-

[1] Ar-ce'si-us.

pearance of a king in the vigor of his age where but just now he had seen a worn and decrepit beggar, was struck with fear, and said, "Some god has done this house this honor," and he turned away his eyes, and would have worshiped.

But his father permitted not, but said, "Look better at me. I am no deity; why put you upon me the reputation of godhead? I am no more but thy father: I am even he. I am that Ulysses by reason of whose absence thy youth has been exposed to such wrongs from injurious men." Then kissed he his son, nor could any longer refrain those tears which he had held under such mighty restraint before, though they would ever be forcing themselves out in spite of him; but now as if their sluices had burst, they came out like rivers, pouring upon the warm cheeks of his son. Nor yet by all these violent arguments could Telemachus be persuaded to believe that it was his father, but he said some deity had taken that shape to mock him; for he affirmed that it was not in the power of any man, who is sustained by mortal food, to change his shape so in a moment from age to youth; for, "But now," said he, "you were all wrinkles, and were old, and now you look as the gods are pictured."

His father replied: "Admire, but fear not, and know me to be at all parts substantially thy father, who in the inner powers of his mind, and the unseen workings of a father's love to thee, answers to his outward shape and pretense. There shall no more Ulysseses come here. I am he that, after twenty years' absence, and suffering a world of ill, have recovered at last the sight of my country earth. It was the will of Athene that I should be changed as you saw me. She put me thus together; she puts together or

takes to pieces whom she pleases. It is in the law of her free power to do it; sometimes to show her favorites under a cloud and poor, and again to restore to them their ornaments. The gods raise and throw down men with ease."

Then Telemachus could hold out no longer, but he gave way now to a full belief and persuasion, of that which for joy at first he could not credit, that it was indeed his true and very father that stood before him; and they embraced, and mingled their tears.

Then said Ulysses, "Tell me who these suitors are, what are their numbers, and how stands the queen, thy mother, affected to them?"

"She bears them still in expectation," said Telemachus, "which she never means to fulfill, that she will accept the hand of some one of them in second nuptials. For she fears to displease them by an absolute refusal. So from day to day she lingers them on with hope, while they have entertainment at free cost in our palace."

Then said Ulysses, "Reckon up their numbers that we may know their strength and ours, if we having none but ourselves may hope to prevail against them."

"O father!" he replied, "I have ofttimes heard of your fame for wisdom, and of the great strength of your arm, but the venturous mind which your speeches now indicate moves me even to amazement; for in nowise can it consist with wisdom or a sound mind that two should try their strengths against a host. Nor five, or ten, or twice ten strong are these suitors, but many more by much: from Dulichium came there fifty and two, they and their servants; twice twelve crossed the seas hither from Samos; from Zacynthus twice ten; of our native Ithacans, men of chief note, are twelve who aspire to the crown of Penelope;

and all these under one strong roof, a fearful odds against two! My father, there is need of caution lest the cup which your great mind so thirsts to taste of vengeance prove bitter to yourself in the drinking. And therefore it were well that we should bethink us of some one who might assist us in this undertaking."

"Thinkest thou," said his father, "if we had Athene and the King of the skies to be our friends, would their sufficiencies make strong our part; or must we look out for some further aid yet?"

"They you speak of are above the clouds," said Telemachus, "and are sound aids indeed; as powers that not only exceed human, but bear the chiefest sway among the gods themselves."

Then Ulysses gave directions to his son to go and mingle with the suitors, and in nowise to impart his secret to any, not even to the queen his mother, but to hold himself in readiness, and to have his weapons and his good armor in preparation. And he charged him that when he himself should come to the palace, as he meant to follow shortly after, and present himself in his beggar's likeness to the suitors, that whatever he should see which might grieve his heart, with what foul usage soever the suitors should receive his father, coming in that shape, though they should strike and drag him by the heels along the floors, that he should not stir nor make offer to oppose them, further than by mild words to expostulate with them, until Athene from heaven should give the sign which should be the prelude to their destruction. And Telemachus, promising to obey his instructions, departed; and the shape of Ulysses fell to what it had been before, and he became to all outward appearance a beggar, in base and beggarly attire.

IV. THE QUEEN'S SUITORS.

FROM the house of Eumæus the seeming beggar took his way, leaning on his staff, till he reached the palace, entering in at the hall where the suitors sat at meat. They in the pride of their feasting began to break their jests in mirthful manner when they saw one looking so poor and so aged approach. He who expected no better entertainment was nothing moved at their behavior, but, as became the character which he had assumed, in a suppliant posture crept by turns to every suitor, and held out his hands for some charity, with such a natural and beggar-resembling grace that he might seem to have practiced begging all his life; yet there was a sort of dignity in his most abject stoopings, that whoever had seen him would have said, "If it had pleased heaven that this poor man had been born a king, he would gracefully have filled the throne." And some pitied him, and some gave him alms, as their present humors inclined them, but the greater part reviled him and bade him begone, as one that spoiled their feast; for the presence of misery has this power with it, that, while it stays, it can dash and overturn the mirth even of those who feel no pity or wish to relieve it, Nature bearing this witness of herself in the hearts of the most obdurate.

Now Telemachus sat at meat with the suitors, and knew that it was the king his father who in that shape begged an alms; and when his father came and presented himself before him in turn, as he had done to the suitors one by one, he gave him of his own meat which he had in his dish, and of his own cup to drink. And the suitors were past measure offended to see a pitiful beggar, as they esteemed him, to be so choicely regarded by the prince.

Then Antinous,[1] who was a great lord, and of chief note among the suitors, said, "Prince Telemachus does ill to encourage these wandering beggars, who go from place to place, affirming that they have been some considerable persons in their time, filling the ears of such as hearken to them with lies, and pressing with their bold feet into kings' palaces. This is some saucy vagabond, some traveling Egyptian."

"I see," said Ulysses, "that a poor man should get but little at your board; scarce should he get salt from your hands, if he brought his own meat."

Lord Antinous, indignant to be answered with such sharpness by a supposed beggar, snatched up a stool, with which he smote Ulysses where the neck and shoulders join. This usage moved not Ulysses; but in his great heart he meditated deep evils to come upon them all, which for a time must be kept close, and he went and sat himself down in the doorway to eat of that which was given him; and he said, "For life or possessions a man will fight, but for his appetite this man smites. If a poor man has any god to take his part, my Lord Antinous shall not live to be the queen's husband."

Then Antinous raged highly, and threatened to drag him by the heels, and to rend his rags about his ears, if he spoke another word.

But the other suitors did in nowise approve of the harsh language, nor of the blow which Antinous had dealt; and some of them said, "Who knows but one of the deities goes about hid under that poor disguise? for in the likeness of poor pilgrims the gods have many times descended to try the dispositions of men, whether they be humane or

[1] An-tin'o-us.

impious." While these things passed, Telemachus sat and observed all, but held his peace, remembering the instructions of his father. But secretly he waited for the sign which Athene was to send from heaven.

That day there followed Ulysses to the court one of the common sort of beggars, Irus by name, one that had received alms beforetime of the suitors, and was their ordinary sport when they were inclined, as that day, to give way to mirth, to see him eat and drink; for he had the appetite of six men, and was of huge stature and proportions of body, yet had in him no spirit nor courage of a man. This man, thinking to curry favor with the suitors, and recommend himself especially to such a great lord as Antinous was, began to revile and scorn Ulysses, putting foul language upon him, and fairly challenging him to fight with the fist. But Ulysses, deeming his railings to be nothing more than jealousy and that envious disposition which beggars commonly manifest to brothers in their trade, mildly besought him not to trouble him, but to enjoy that portion which the liberality of their entertainers gave him, as he did quietly; seeing that, of their bounty, there was sufficient for all.

But Irus, thinking that this forbearance in Ulysses was nothing more than a sign of fear, so much the more highly stormed, and bellowed, and provoked him to fight; and by this time the quarrel had attracted the notice of the suitors who with loud laughters and shouting egged on the dispute, and Lord Antinous swore by all the gods it should be a battle, and that in that hall the strife should be determined. To this the rest of the suitors with violent clamors acceded, and a circle was made for the combatants, and a fat goat was proposed as the victor's prize, as at the Olympic or the

Pythian games. Then Ulysses, seeing no remedy, or being not unwilling that the suitors should behold some proof of that strength which erelong in their own persons they were to taste of, stripped himself, and prepared for the combat. But first he demanded that he should have fair play shown him, that none in the assembly should aid his opponent, or take part against him, for, being an old man, they might easily crush him with their strengths. And Telemachus passed his word that no foul play should be shown him, but that each party should be left to their own unassisted strength, and to this he made Antinous and the rest of the suitors swear.

But when Ulysses had laid aside his garments, and was bare to the waist, all the beholders admired the goodly sight of his large shoulders, being of such exquisite shape and whiteness, and at his great and brawny bosom, and the youthful strength which seemed to remain in a man thought so old; and they said, "What limbs and what sinews he has!" and coward fear seized on the mind of that great vast beggar Irus, and he dropped his threats and his big words, and would have fled, but Lord Antinous stayed him, and threatened him that if he declined the combat, he would put him in a ship, and land him on the shores where King Echetus[1] reigned, the roughest tyrant which at that time the world contained, and he had that antipathy to rascal beggars, such as he was, that when any landed on his coast he would crop their ears and noses and give them to the dogs to tear. So he, in whom fear of King Echetus prevailed above the fear of Ulysses, addressed himself to fight. But Ulysses, provoked to be engaged in so odious a strife with a fellow of his base conditions, and loathing longer

[1] Ech-e'tus.

to be made a spectacle to entertain the eyes of his foes, with one blow, which he struck him beneath the ear, laid him sprawling in the dust, with small ability to renew the contest. Then raising him on his feet, he led him sputtering to the door, and put his staff into his hand, and bade him go use his command upon dogs and swine, but not presume himself to be lord of the guests another time, nor of the beggary!

The suitors applauded in their vain minds the issue of the contest, and rioted in mirth at the expense of poor Irus, who they vowed should be forthwith embarked, and sent to King Echetus; and they bestowed thanks on Ulysses for ridding the court of that unsavory morsel, as they called him; but in their inward souls, they would not have cared if Irus had been victor, and Ulysses had taken the foil, but it was mirth to them to see the beggars fight. In such pastimes and light entertainments the day wore away.

When evening was come, the suitors betook themselves to music and dancing. And Ulysses leaned his back against a pillar from which certain lamps hung which gave light to the dancers, and he made show of watching the dancers, but very different thoughts were in his head. And as he stood near the lamps, the light fell upon his head, which was thin of hair and bald, as an old man's. And Eurymachus,[1] a suitor, taking occasion from some words which he had spoken before, scoffed, and said, "Now I know for a certainty that some god lurks under the poor and beggarly appearance of this man, for, as he stands by the lamps, his sleek head throws beams around it, like as it were a glory." And another said, "He passes his time, too, not much unlike the gods, lazily living exempt from

[1] Eu-rym'a-chus.

labor, taking offerings of men." "I warrant," said Eurymachus again, "he could not raise a fence or dig a ditch for his livelihood if a man should hire him."

"I wish," said Ulysses, "that you who speak this and myself were to be tried at any taskwork: that I had a good crooked scythe put in my hand, that was sharp and strong, and you such another, where the grass grew longest, to be up by daybreak, mowing the meadows till the sun went down, not tasting of food till he had finished; or that we were set to plow four acres in one day of good glebe land, to see whose furrows were evenest and cleanest; or that we might have one wrestling bout together; or that in our right hands a good steel-headed lance were placed, to try whose blows fell heaviest and thickest upon the adversary's headpiece. I would cause you such work as you would have small reason to reproach me with being slack at work. But you would do well to spare me this reproach, and to save your strength till the day when Ulysses shall return, when returning he shall enter upon his birthright."

This was a galling speech to those suitors, to whom Ulysses's return was indeed the thing which they most dreaded; and a sudden fear fell upon their souls, as if they were sensible of the real presence of that man who did indeed stand amongst them, but not in that form as they might know him; and Eurymachus, incensed, snatched a massy cup which stood on a table near and hurled it at the head of the supposed beggar, and but narrowly missed the hitting of him; and all the suitors rose, as at once, to thrust him out of the hall, which they said his beggarly presence and his rude speeches had profaned. But Telemachus cried to them to forbear, and not to presume to lay hands upon a wretched man to whom he had promised protection

He asked if they were mad, to mix such abhorred uproar with his feasts. He bade them take their food and their wine, to sit up or to go to bed at their free pleasures, so long as he should give license to that freedom; but why should they abuse his banquet, or let the words which the poor beggar spake have power to move them so fiercely?

They bit their lips and frowned for anger to be checked so by a youth: nevertheless for that time they had the grace to abstain, either for shame, or that Athene had infused into them a terror of Ulysses's son.

So that day's feast was concluded without bloodshed, and the suitors, tired with their sports, departed severally each man to his apartment. Only Ulysses and Telemachus remained. And now Telemachus, by his father's direction, went and brought down into the hall, armor and lances from the armory; for Ulysses said, "On the morrow we shall have need of them." And moreover he said, "If any one shall ask why you have taken them down, say it is to clean them and scour them from the rust which they have gathered since the owner of this house went for Troy." And as Telemachus stood by the armor, the lights were all gone out, and it was pitch dark, and the armor gave out glistening beams as of fire, and he said to his father, "The pillars of the house are on fire." And his father said, "It is the gods who sit above the stars, and have power to make the night as light as the day." And he took it for a good omen. And Telemachus fell to cleaning and sharpening the lances.

V. THE MEETING WITH PENELOPE.

NOW Ulysses had not seen his wife Penelope in all the time since his return; for the queen did not care to mingle with the suitors at their banquets, but, as became one who had been Ulysses's wife, kept much in private, spinning and doing her excellent housewiferies among her maids in the remote apartments of the palace. Only upon solemn days she would come down and show herself to the suitors. And Ulysses was filled with a longing desire to see his wife again, whom for twenty years he had not beheld, and he softly stole through the known passages of his beautiful house, till he came where the maids were lighting the queen through a stately gallery that led to the chamber where she slept. And when the maids saw Ulysses, they said, "It is the beggar who came to the court to-day, about whom all that uproar was stirred up in the hall; what does he here?" But Penelope gave commandment that he should be brought before her, for she said, "It may be that he has traveled, and has heard something concerning Ulysses."

Then was Ulysses right glad to hear himself named by his queen, to find himself in nowise forgotten, nor her great love towards him decayed in all that time that he had been away. And he stood before his queen, and she knew him not to be Ulysses, but supposed that he had been some poor traveler. And she asked him of what country he was.

He told her (as he had before told Eumæus) that he was a Cretan born, and, however poor and cast down he now seemed, no less a man than brother to Idomeneus,

who was grandson to King Minos; and though he now wanted bread, he had once had it in his power to feast Ulysses. Then he feigned how Ulysses, sailing for Troy, was forced by stress of weather to put his fleet in at a port of Crete, where for twelve days he was his guest and entertained by him with all befitting guest-rites. And he described the very garments which Ulysses had on, by which Penelope knew he had seen her lord.

In this manner Ulysses told his wife many tales of himself, at most but painting, but painting so near to the life that the feeling of that which she took in at her ears became so strong that the kindly tears ran down her fair cheeks, while she thought upon her lord, dead as she thought him, and heavily mourned the loss of him whom she missed, whom she could not find, though in very deed he stood so near her.

Ulysses was moved to see her weep, but he kept his own eyes dry as iron or horn in their lids, putting a bridle upon his strong passion, that it should not issue to sight.

Then told he how he had lately been at the court of Thesprotia, and what he had learned concerning Ulysses there, in order as he had delivered to Eumæus; and Penelope was wont to believe that there might be a possibility of Ulysses being alive, and she said, "I dreamed a dream this morning. Methought I had twenty household fowl which did eat wheat steeped in water from my hand, and there came suddenly from the clouds a crook-beaked hawk, who soused on them and killed them all, trussing their necks; then took his flight back up to the clouds. And in my dream methought that I wept and made great moan for my fowls, and for the destruction which the hawk had made; and my maids came about me to comfort me. And

in the height of my griefs the hawk came back, and lighting upon the beam of my chamber, he said to me in a man's voice, which sounded strangely even in my dream, to hear a hawk to speak: 'Be of good cheer,' he said, 'O daughter of Icarius! for this is no dream which thou hast seen, but that which shall happen to thee indeed. Those household fowl, which thou lamentest so without reason, are the suitors who devour thy substance, even as thou sawest the fowl eat from thy hand; and the hawk is thy husband, who is coming to give death to the suitors.' And I awoke and went to see my fowls if they were alive, whom I found eating wheat from their troughs, all well and safe as before my dream."

Then said Ulysses, "This dream can endure no other interpretation than that which the hawk gave to it, who is your lord, and who is coming quickly to effect all that his words told you."

"Your words," she said, "my old guest, are so sweet that would you sit and please me with your speech, my ears would never let my eyes close their spheres for very joy of your discourse; but none that is merely mortal can live without the death of sleep, so the gods who are without death themselves have ordained it, to keep the memory of our mortality in our minds, while we experience that as much as we live we die every day; in which consideration I will ascend my bed, which I have nightly watered with my tears since he that was my joy departed from that bad city," she so speaking because she could not bring her lips to name the name of Troy so much hated. So for that night they parted, Penelope to her bed and Ulysses to his son, and to the armor and the lances in the hall, where they sat up all night cleaning and watching by the armor.

VI. THE MADNESS FROM ABOVE.

WHEN daylight appeared, a tumultuous concourse of the suitors again filled the hall; and some wondered, and some inquired what meant that glittering store of armor and lances which lay in heaps by the entry of the door; and to all that asked, Telemachus made reply that he had caused them to be taken down to cleanse them of the rust which they had contracted by lying so long unused, even ever since his father went for Troy; and with that answer their minds were easily satisfied. So to their feasting and vain rioting again they fell. Ulysses, by Telemachus's order, had a seat and a mess assigned him in the doorway, and he had his eye ever on the lances. And it moved gall in some of the great ones there present to have their feast dulled with the society of that wretched beggar as they deemed him, and they reviled and spurned at him with their feet. Only there was one Philætius, who had a better nature than the rest, that spake kindly to him, and had his age in respect. He, coming up to Ulysses, took him by the hand with a kind of fear, as if touched exceedingly with imagination of his great worth, and said thus to him: "Hail! father stranger! my brows have sweat to see the injuries which you have received, and my eyes have broken forth in tears, when I have only thought that such being oftentimes the lot of worthiest men, to this plight Ulysses may be reduced, and that he now may wander from place to place as you do; for such who are compelled by need to range here and there, and have no firm home to fix their feet upon, God keeps them in this earth as under water; so are they kept down and depressed. And a dark thread is sometimes spun in the fates of kings."

At this bare likening of the beggar to Ulysses, Athene from heaven made the suitors for foolish joy to go mad, and roused them to such a laughter as would never stop. They laughed without power of ceasing, their eyes stood full of tears for violent joys; but fears and horrible misgivings succeeded, and one among them stood up and prophesied: "Ah, wretches!" he said, "what madness from heaven has seized you, that you can laugh? See you not that your meat drops blood? A night, like the night of death, wraps you about; you shriek without knowing it; your eyes thrust forth tears; the fixed walls, and the beam that bears the whole house up, fall blood; ghosts choke up the entry; full is the hall with apparitions of murdered men; under your feet is hell; the sun falls from heaven, and it is midnight at noon." But like men whom the gods had infatuated to their destruction, they mocked at his fears, and Eurymachus said, "This man is surely mad; conduct him forth into the market place, set him in the light, for he dreams that 't is night within the house."

But Theoclymenus[1] (for that was the prophet's name), whom Athene had graced with a prophetic spirit, that he foreseeing might avoid the destruction which awaited them, answered and said: "Eurymachus, I will not require a guide of thee, for I have eyes and ears, the use of both my feet, and a sane mind within me, and with these I will go forth of the doors, because I know the imminent evils which await you all that stay, by reason of this poor guest who is a favorite with all the gods." So saying, he turned his back upon those inhospitable men, and went away home, and never returned to the palace.

These words which he spoke were not unheard by Telem-

[1] The-o-clym'e-nus.

achus, who kept still his eye on his father, expecting fervently when he would give the sign which was to precede the slaughter of the suitors.

They, dreaming of no such thing, fell sweetly to their dinner, as joying in the great store of banquet which was heaped in full tables about them; but there reigned not a bitterer banquet planet in all heaven than that which hung over them this day by secret destination of Athene.

VII. THE BOW OF ULYSSES.

THERE was a bow which Ulysses left when he went for Troy. It had lain by since that time, out of use and unstrung, for no man had strength to draw that bow save Ulysses. So it had remained, as a monument of the great strength of its master. This bow, with the quiver of arrows belonging thereto, Telemachus had brought down from the armory on the last night along with the lances; and now Athene, intending to do Ulysses an honor, put it into the mind of Telemachus to propose to the suitors to try who was strongest to draw that bow; and he promised that to the man who should be able to draw that bow his mother should be given in marriage, — Ulysses's wife the prize to him who should bend the bow of Ulysses.

There was great strife and emulation stirred up among the suitors at those words of the Prince Telemachus. And to grace her son's words, and to confirm the promise which he had made, Penelope came and showed herself that day to the suitors; and Athene made her that she appeared never so comely in their sight as that day, and they were inflamed with the beholding of so much beauty, proposed as the price of so great manhood; and they cried out that

if all those heroes who sailed to Colchis[1] for the rich purchase of the golden-fleeced ram had seen earth's richer prize, Penelope, they would not have made their voyage, but would have vowed their valors and their lives to her, for she was at all parts faultless.

And she said, "The gods have taken my beauty from me, since my lord went for Troy." But Telemachus willed his mother to depart and not be present at that contest; for he said, "It may be some rougher strife shall chance of this than may be expedient for a woman to witness." And she retired, she and her maids, and left the hall.

Then the bow was brought into the midst, and a mark was set up by Prince Telemachus; and Lord Antinous, as the chief among the suitors, had the first offer; and he took the bow, and, fitting an arrow to the string, he strove to bend it, but not with all his might and main could he once draw together the ends of that tough bow; and when he found how vain a thing it was to endeavor to draw Ulysses's bow, he desisted, blushing for shame and for mere anger. Then Eurymachus adventured, but with no better success; but as it had torn the hands of Antinous, so did the bow tear and strain his hands, and marred his delicate fingers, yet could he not once stir the string.

Then called he to the attendants to bring fat and unctuous matter, which melting at the fire, he dipped the bow therein, thinking to supple it and make it more pliable; but not with all the helps of art could he succeed in making it to move. After him Liodes,[2] and Amphinomus,[3] and Polybus,[4] and Eurynomus,[5] and Polyctorides[6] essayed their strength, but not any one of them, or of the rest of those

[1] Col'chis (Kol'kis).
[2] Li-o'des
[3] Am-phin'o-mus.
[4] Pol'y-bus.
[5] Eu-ryn'o-mus.
[6] Pol-yc-tor'i-des.

aspiring suitors, had any better luck; yet not the meanest of them there but thought himself well worthy of Ulysses's wife, though, to shoot with Ulysses's bow, the completest champion among them was by proof found too feeble.

Then Ulysses prayed that he might have leave to try; and immediately a clamor was raised among the suitors, because of his petition, and they scorned and swelled with rage at his presumption, and that a beggar should seek to contend in a game of such noble mastery. But Telemachus ordered that the bow should be given him, and that he should have leave to try, since they had failed; "For," he said, "the bow is mine, to give or to withhold;" and none durst gainsay the prince.

Then Ulysses gave a sign to his son, and he commanded the doors of the hall to be made fast, and all wondered at his words, but none could divine the cause. And Ulysses took the bow in his hands, and before he essayed to bend it he surveyed it at all parts to see whether by long lying by it had contracted any stiffness which hindered the drawing; and as he was busied in the curious surveying of his bow some of the suitors mocked him, and said, "Past doubt this man is a right cunning archer, and knows his craft well. See how he turns it over and over, and looks into it as if he could see through the wood." And others said, "We wish some one would tell out gold into our laps but for so long a time as he shall be in drawing of that string."

But when he had spent some little time in making proof of the bow, and had found it to be in good plight, like as a harper in tuning of his harp draws out a string, with such ease or much more did Ulysses draw to the head the string of his own tough bow, and in letting of it go, it twanged

with such a shrill noise as a swallow makes when it sings through the air, which so much amazed the suitors that their colors came and went, and the skies gave out a noise of thunder, which at heart cheered Ulysses, for he knew that now his long labors by the disposal of the Fates drew to an end. Then fitted he an arrow to the bow, and drawing it to the head, he sent it right to the mark which the prince had set up. Which done, he said to Telemachus, "You have got no disgrace yet by your guest, for I have struck the mark I shot at, and have myself no such trouble in teasing the bow with fat and fire as these men did, but have made proof that my strength is not impaired, nor my age so weak and contemptible as these were pleased to think it. But come, the day going down calls us to supper, after which succeed poem and harp, and all delights which used to crown princely banquetings."

VIII. THE SLAUGHTER.

SO saying, he beckoned to his son, who straight girt his sword to his side, and took one of the lances (of which there lay great store from the armory) in his hand, and armed at all points advanced towards his father.

The upper rags which Ulysses wore fell from his shoulder, and his own kingly likeness returned, when he rushed to the great hall door with bow and quiver full of shafts, which down at his feet he poured, and in bitter words presignified his deadly intent on the suitors. "Thus far," he said, "this contest has been decided harmless; now for us there rests another mark, harder to hit, but which my hands shall essay notwithstanding, if Phœbus, god of archers, be pleased to give me the mastery." With that he let fly a deadly arrow at

Antinous, which pierced him in the throat as he was in the act of lifting a cup of wine to his mouth. Amazement seized the suitors as their great champion fell dead, and they raged highly against Ulysses, and said that it should prove the dearest shaft which he ever let fly, for he had slain a man whose like breathed not in any part of the kingdom; and they flew to their arms, and would have seized the lances, but Athene struck them with dimness of sight that they went erring up and down the hall, not knowing where to find them. Yet so infatuated

JOHN FLAXMAN.

ULYSSES SLAYING THE SUITORS.

were they by the displeasure of heaven that they did not see the imminent peril which impended over them, but every man believed that this accident had happened beside the intention of the doer. Fools! to think by shutting their eyes to evade destiny, or that any other cup remained for them but that which their great Antinous had tasted!

Then Ulysses revealed himself to all in that presence, and that he was the man whom they held to be dead at

Troy, whose palace they had usurped, whose wife in his lifetime they had sought in impious marriage, and that for this reason destruction was come upon them. And he dealt his deadly arrows among them, and there was no avoiding him nor escaping from his horrid person; and Telemachus by his side plied them thick with those murderous lances from which there was no retreat, till fear itself made them valiant, and danger gave them eyes to understand the evil. Then they which had swords drew them, and some with shields, that could find them, and some with tables and benches snatched up in haste, rose in a mass to overwhelm and crush those two; yet they singly bestirred themselves like men and defended themselves against that great host, and through tables, shields, and all, right through the arrows of Ulysses clove, and the irresistible lances of Telemachus; and many lay dead, and all had wounds, and Athene in the likeness of a bird sat upon the beam which went across the hall, clapping her wings with a fearful noise; and sometimes the great bird would fly among them, cuffing at the swords and at the lances, and up and down the hall would go, beating her wings and troubling everything, that it was frightful to behold, and it frayed the blood from the cheeks of those heaven-hated suitors; but to Ulysses and to his son she appeared in her own divine similitude, with her snake-fringed shield, a goddess armed, fighting their battles. Nor did that dreadful pair desist till they had laid all their foes at their feet. At their feet they lay in shoals; like fishes, when the fishermen break up their nets, so they lay gasping and sprawling at the feet of Ulysses and his son. And Ulysses remembered the prediction of Tiresias, which said that he was to perish by his own guests, unless he slew those who knew him not.

IX. CONCLUSION.

THEN certain of the queen's household went up and told Penelope what had happened, and how her lord, Ulysses, was come home and had slain the suitors. But she gave no heed to their words, but thought that some frenzy possessed them, or that they mocked her; for it is the property of such extremes of sorrow as she had felt not to believe when any great joy cometh. And she rated and chid them exceedingly for troubling her. But they the more persisted in their asseverations of the truth of what they had affirmed; and some of them had seen the slaughtered bodies of the suitors dragged forth of the hall. And they said, "That poor guest whom you talked with last night was Ulysses." Then she was yet more fully persuaded that they mocked her, and she wept. But they said, "This thing is true which we have told. We sat within, in an inner room in the palace, and the doors of the hall were shut on us, but we heard the cries and the groans of the men that were killed, but saw nothing till at length your son called to us to come in, and, entering, we saw Ulysses standing in the midst of the slaughtered." But she, persisting in her unbelief, said that it was some god which had deceived them to think it was the person of Ulysses.

By this time Telemachus and his father had cleansed their hands from the slaughter and were come to where the queen was talking with those of her household; and when she saw Ulysses she stood motionless, and had no power to

speak, sudden surprise and joy and fear and many passions so strove within her. Sometimes she was clear that it was her husband that she saw, and sometimes the alteration which twenty years had made in his person (yet that was not much) perplexed her that she knew not what to think, and for joy she could not believe, and yet for joy she would not but believe; and above all, that sudden change from a beggar to a king troubled her, and wrought uneasy scruples in her mind. But Telemachus, seeing her strangeness, blamed her, and called her an ungentle and tyrannous mother, and said that she showed a too great curiousness of modesty to abstain from embracing his father, and to have doubts of his person, when to all present it was evident that he was the very real and true Ulysses.

Then she mistrusted no longer, but ran and fell upon Ulysses's neck, and said, "Let not my husband be angry that I held off so long with strange delays; it is the gods, who, severing us for so long time, have caused this unseemly distance in me. If Menelaus's wife had used half my caution, she would never have taken so freely to a stranger; and she might have spared us all these plagues which have come upon us through her shameless deed."

These words with which Penelope excused herself wrought more affection in Ulysses than if upon a first sight she had given up herself implicitly to his embraces; and he wept for joy to possess a wife so discreet, so answering to his own staid mind, that had a depth of wit proportioned to his own, and one that held chaste virtue at so high a price; and he thought the possession of such a one cheaply purchased with the loss of all Circe's delights and Calypso's immortality of joys; and his long labors and his severe sufferings past seemed as nothing now they were crowned with

the presence of his virtuous and true wife Penelope. And as sad men at sea, whose ship has gone to pieces nigh shore, swimming for their lives, all drenched in foam and brine, crawl up to some poor patch of land, which they take possession of with as great a joy as if they had the world given

B. PINTURICCHIO.

MEETING OF ULYSSES AND PENELOPE.

them in fee, with such delight did this chaste wife cling to her lord restored, and once again clasped the living Ulysses.

So from that time the land had rest from the suitors. And the happy Ithacans with songs and solemn sacrifices of praise to the gods celebrated the return of Ulysses; for he that had been so long absent was returned to wreak the evil upon the heads of the doers; in the place where they had done the evil there wreaked he his vengeance upon them.

XLIV. MOSES ON THE NILE.

TRANSLATED FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"SISTERS! the wave is freshest in the ray
Of the young morning; the reapers are asleep,
The river bank is lonely: come away!
The early murmurs of old Memphis creep
Faint on my ear; and here unseen we stray, —
Deep in the covert of the grove withdrawn,
Save by the dewy eye-glance of the dawn.

"Within my father's palace, fair to see,
Shine all the arts; but, oh! this riverside,
Pranked with gay flowers, is dearer far to me
Than gold and porphyry vases bright and wide.
How glad in heaven the song bird carols free!
Sweeter these zephyrs float than all the showers
Of costly odors in our royal bowers.

"The sky is pure, the sparkling stream is clear:
Unloose your zones, my maidens! and fling down
To float awhile upon these bushes near
Your blue, transparent robes; take off my crown,
And take away my jealous veil; for here
To-day we shall be joyous while we lave
Our limbs amid the murmur of the wave.

"Hasten; but through the fleecy mists of morn,
What do I see? Look ye along the stream!
Nay, timid maidens, we must not return!
Coursing along the current, it would seem
An ancient palm tree to the deep sea borne,
That from the distant wilderness proceeds,
Downwards, to view our wondrous Pyramids.

"But stay! if I may surely trust mine eye, —
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Iris, wafted gently to the sighs
Of the light breeze along the rippling swell;
But no: it is a skiff where sweetly lies
An infant slumbering, and his peaceful rest
Looks as if pillowed on its mother's breast.

"He sleeps; oh, see! his little floating bed
Swims on the mighty river's fickle flow,
A white dove's nest; and there at hazard led
By the faint winds, and, wandering to and fro,
The cot comes down; beneath his quiet head
The gulfs are moving, and each threatening wave
Appears to rock the child upon a grave.

"He wakes; ah, maids of Memphis! haste, oh, haste!
He cries, alas! What mother could confide
Her offspring to the wild and watery waste!
He stretches out his arms, the rippling tide
Murmurs around him, where, all rudely placed,
He rests with but a few frail reeds beneath,
Between such helpless innocence and death.

"Oh! take him up! Perchance he is of those
Dark sons of Israel whom my sire proscribes;
Ah! cruel was the mandate that arose
Against most guiltless of the stranger tribes!
Poor child! my heart is yearning for his woes,
I would I were his mother; but I'll give,
If not his birth, at least the claim to live."

Thus Iphis spoke; the royal hope and pride
Of a great monarch; while her damsels nigh,
Wandered along the Nile's meandering side;

And these diminished beauties, standing by
The trembling mother, watching with eyes wide
Their graceful mistress, admired her as she stood
More lovely than the genius of the flood!

The waters broken by her delicate feet
Receive the eager wader, as alone
By gentlest pity led, she strives to meet
The wakened babe; and, see, the prize is won!
She holds the weeping burden with a sweet
And virgin glow of pride upon her brow,
That knew no flush save modesty's till now.

Opening with cautious hands the reedy couch,
She brought the rescued infant slowly out
Beyond the humid sands; at her approach
Her curious maidens hurried round about,
To kiss the new-born brow with gentlest touch
Greeting the child with smiles, and bending nigh
Their faces o'er his large, astonished eye!

Haste thou who, from afar, in doubt and fear,
Dost watch, with straining eyes, the fated boy,—
The loved of heaven! Come like a stranger near
And clasp young Moses with maternal joy;
Nor fear the speechless transport and the tear
Will e'er betray thy fond and hidden claim,
For Iphis knows not yet a mother's name!

With a glad heart, and a triumphal face,
The princess to the haughty Pharaoh led
The humble infant of a hated race,
Bathed with the bitter tears a parent shed;
While loudly pealing round the holy place

Of Heaven's white Throne, the voice of angel choirs
Intoned the theme of their undying lyres!

"No longer mourn thy pilgrimage below —
O Jacob! Let thy tears no longer swell
The torrent of the Egyptian River: lo!
Soon on the Jordan's banks thy tents shall dwell;
And Goshen shall behold thy people go,
Despite the power of Egypt's law and brand,
From their sad thrall to Canaan's promised land.

"The King of Plagues, the Chosen of Sinai,
Is he that, o'er the rushing waters driven,
A vigorous hand hath rescued for the sky.
Ye whose proud hearts disown the ways of heaven!
Attend, be humble! for its power is nigh:
Israel! a cradle shall redeem thy worth —
A cradle yet shall save the widespread earth!"

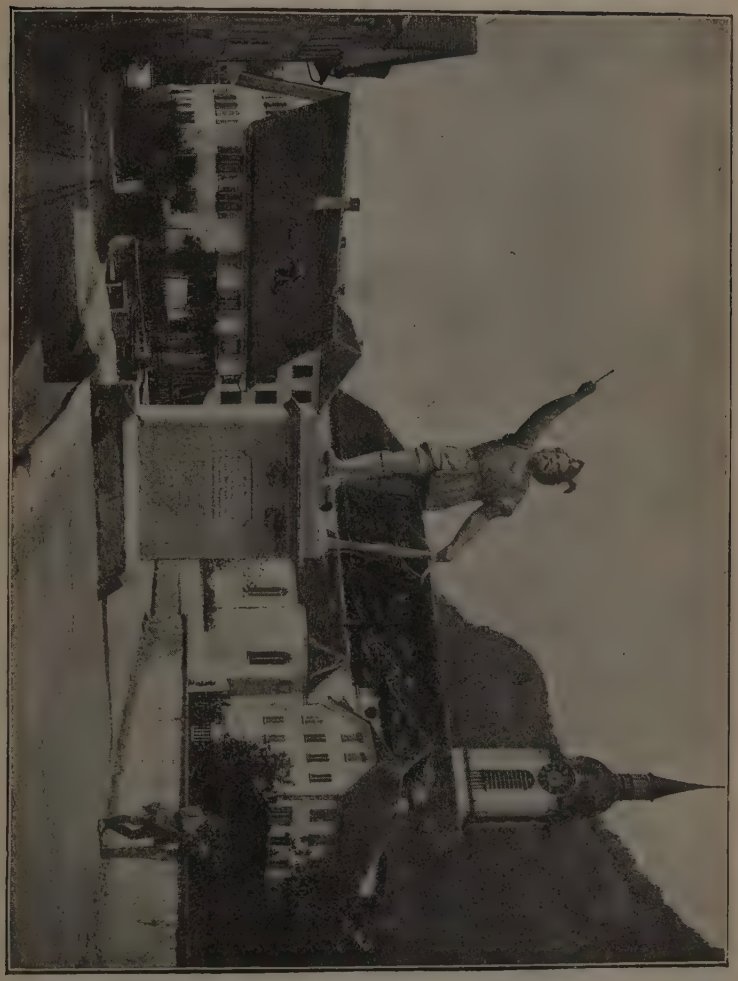
XLV. WILLIAM TELL.

By Peter Parley.[1]

WE must travel back more than five hundred years, and take our stand in the center of Europe at the period when the Dark Ages are nearly passed, and the light of civilization is beginning to dawn along the horizon.

[1] Peter Parley was a name often seen during the earlier part of the present century, connected with books of history and biography for young people. Many men and women now living received their first love for history from the reading of Peter Parley's books.

The real name of this writer was Samuel Griswold Goodrich. He was born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1793, and died in New York City in 1860.



MONUMENT TO WILLIAM TELL, ALTORF.

At this epoch, Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, in Switzerland, appeared upon the stage of history. His possessions were small, but he had fine talents, a good address, and boundless ambition, and in the course of events he became the emperor of Germany. This was in 1273. From him the present house of Austria is descended. It was the son of this Rudolph, Albert I., his father's successor as emperor, who gave rise to the events connected with the history of William Tell. He was a grasping prince, and, wishing to increase his territorial dominions, undertook to unite the forest cantons of Switzerland, as they were called, to his personal estates of Hapsburg, which he had inherited.

These cantons belonged to the German empire, and, as they had been mildly governed, they wished to continue so. They therefore rejected the overtures of Albert, at which he was greatly incensed. Accordingly, in his capacity of emperor, he sent governors to harass, oppress, and punish them. There were two detestable characters, named Gessler and Landenberg.

The people were now exposed to all the vexatious persecutions of little tyrants, who were anxious to recommend themselves, by abuse of power, to the favor of an angry master.

The governors never appeared in public unless they were surrounded by a numerous guard. Nor did they omit other precautions designed alike to secure themselves against sudden outbursts of popular fury and to rivet more firmly the chains which it was the sole object of their mission to impose.

Fortresses were erected in the disaffected places, into which persons of every description were thrown upon the slightest grounds of suspicion. At the same time, com-

mercial intercourse with their neighbors was entirely denied to the people by the duties imposed upon merchandise of every kind in its passage to and from the forest cantons.

Gessler, passing one day by a neat and comfortable house, which had been lately built by a person of the name of Stauffacher, and which was decorated with more than common elegance, inquired for the owner, and addressed him thus, with a smile of contempt: "Do you think such a dwelling suited to the condition of a peasant? You complain of the emperor's taxes, but while he leaves you the means to erect such buildings as these, you have too much reason to be thankful." And immediately he ordered his followers to pull it down. Stauffacher, from that moment, became an ardent champion in the cause of liberty.

Landenberg was no less active in sowing the seeds of discontent. Having seized the oxen belonging to a respectable farmer, for some slight offense, the owner implored him to inflict some other punishment if he should in reality be found guilty of the crime of which he was accused; for that, otherwise, he must be ruined, having no other means of cultivating his farm.

"Let the miscreant draw his own plow!" was the reply; and immediately another hero was enlisted under the standard of freedom.

Henry of Melchthal, a strong advocate for the independence of his country, and who by the integrity of his character had become an object of general respect, was selected as another victim. Landenberg sent, upon some trifling provocation, to seize his oxen. His son, a gallant youth, opposed the execution of the decree, and drove away the officers with the same whip with which he had before been driving the plow.

Young Melchthal fled. The governor, who was angered beyond description at the insult which had been offered to his authority, and still more so to find that his prey had escaped, commanded the aged father to be dragged into his presence, and, after reviling him in the most insulting language, caused his eyes to be put out, while he himself stood by to see the savage sentence executed.

Gessler was the slave of vanity, and sought by every means to gratify his ruling passion. Among other means, he caused a pole to be erected in the market place at Altorf, and a hat to be hung upon it, to which he ordered all the passers-by to pay the same respect that was due to his own person.

So wanton a display of tyranny could not fail to inflame the public, who wanted no new outrage to make them feel the misery of their state. Yet so completely were they kept in awe by the numerous fortresses which the new government had erected in all parts of their territory that they sank into sullen despondency.

Stauffacher appears to have been the first to conceive the idea of deliverance from this cruel tyranny. In silence he thought upon the degraded state to which his country was reduced. He brooded over her wrongs in secret. Having reduced his ideas to a regular plan, he hastened to communicate them to his friend, Walter Fürst. At his house he met young Arnold of Melchthal, who had taken refuge under his hospitable roof from the pursuit of Landenberg.

They had suffered in the same cause, and flew to each other's arms with all the attachment of men who were connected by the strongest of ties, — the love of freedom. They bound themselves by the most solemn promise to

break the fetters of their country, or to perish in the attempt.

Having finally engaged to observe the profoundest secrecy, and agreed that no partial attempts should be made till the mine was ready to be sprung, and having fixed upon a place where they might meet with a few chosen friends to consult upon the necessary preparations for a general insurrection, they took leave of each other.

To spread the electric flame among a people whose wishes were in perfect agreement with their own required not the arts of persuasion. The founders of Swiss liberty met with a sure and ardent friend in every person to whom they intrusted the important secret. But they were cautious in their measures, and discreet in the selections they made.

On the seventeenth of November, 1307, the day fixed for their meeting, each of them appeared at the appointed spot, attended by ten chosen companions. This nocturnal assembly was held in the field of Rutli, a retired meadow on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne. Its lonely situation and surrounding rocks seemed to make a surprise impossible. Conscious, however, that a secret which was known to so many persons was at best dangerous, the greater part of the conspirators were for an immediate rising, declaring that, in situations like theirs, delay was ruin. Melchthal, on the contrary, employed every argument he was master of to combat any such hasty action.

The energy with which he spoke brought over the whole assembly to his opinion. All ideas of an immediate attack were laid aside, and the first day of the new year was appointed for the carrying out of the momentous plan. This important business being thus decided, every

man returned to his usual occupations with as much apparent peace of mind as if his only hope in the coming year had been a fertile season and an abundant crop.

An event, however, took place in the mean time, which, without the most remarkable prudence on the part of the conspirators, would have destroyed their hopes forever. We have already seen to what a degree of insolence Gessler had carried his pride. It finally proved his ruin.

William Tell, a name which will ever be celebrated in the history of Switzerland, had been admitted a member of the patriotic band.

Happening one day to pass through Altorf, the sight of the hat roused his indignation to such a pitch against the governor that he not only refused obedience to his foolish order, but treated the hat with contempt.

Gessler was no sooner informed of what had passed than he commanded the bold plebeian to be dragged before him, and, giving way to his unbridled fury, decreed that as a punishment he should, at the coming festival, either pierce with an arrow an apple placed upon the head of his son, a boy of five or six years old, or suffer immediate death.

So strange and inhuman a sentence was little calculated either to soothe the minds of the discontented people or to calm the anger of the offended patriot. For some moments he hesitated; but, confident in his own unerring aim, after a little reflection he accepted the trial. To this, too, he was doubtless in part prompted by the thought that a scene of such wanton cruelty must stir the feelings of those who would see it in such a way as to aid his secret plans.

On the appointed day Gessler appeared in the market place at Altorf, seated in his chair of state and surrounded by his bodyguard. His countenance bespoke the insolence

of triumph. With a savage smile he ordered the culprit to be brought forward. Tell came with a resolute step. The attentive crowd, who had been attracted from the remotest valleys to the spot, trembled as he passed. He took his post. The boy was stationed, by the governor's direction, at a distance which appeared to him the most unfavorable to the archer's skill. Tell grasped his bow. Mute attention prevailed. Every heart beat with interest and anxiety. He drew the string; the arrow flew; the divided apple fell. Repeated peals announced the joy of the spectators, and rebounded through the neighboring rocks.

The hero ran to his child, caught him in his arms, and clasped him to his bosom. He gave way to his natural feelings. Unable any longer to suppress the violence of his emotions, he turned to the governor, and, drawing forth another arrow, exclaimed, "Had my boy fallen, this was destined for thee." At once a prey to disappointment, rage, and shame, Gessler commanded his soldiers again to seize the bold offender. The people interfered in vain. In vain they resisted the guard. After a short conflict, Tell was mastered; and in order to secure him against any attempts which might be made for his rescue, Gessler commanded him to be taken to Küssnach, a fortress on the opposite side of the lake. Fearing, however, that the undeserved severity of his fate might rouse pity in the bosoms of his officers, the governor resolved to go with him in person, and embarked with his attendants in the same boat.

But scarcely were they out of the reach of the shore, when the clouds, which had been gathering round the summit of St. Gothard, and to which Gessler, blinded by passion, had paid little attention, burst in a furious tempest. The violence of the storm made return impossible, and the sur-

rounding rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly from the level of the water, rendered all attempts to land hopeless. The watermen sank under the labor of the oar, and, unable longer to contend against the fury of the winds, gave in, and commended themselves to Providence for protection. In this fearful crisis some one of the passengers, recollecting that Tell had the reputation of being a skillful pilot, suggested to the governor, as the only hope that was left, to prevail upon him to take charge of the vessel and to exert his power to save them all.

Gessler caught with eagerness at the proposal. The prisoner was unbound and placed at the helm. For some time he struggled manfully against the storm, and took advantage of his knowledge of the lake to weather its fury, till, by degrees, he approached the bank at a spot where the mountains leave a small promontory for man to save himself from the fury of the waves. The courage of the passengers now revived. They already thought themselves secure.

But as Tell approached the shore, having conducted the bark to the spot he wished, he seized the rock with one hand; with the other he pushed back the vessel, and left the affrighted tyrant with his dismayed companions in a situation little short of despair. The tempest, however, at length abated; with difficulty they gained the shore. But the governor had escaped the waves only to meet another fate. Tell, who had escaped, met him in the road a little beyond Brünnen, and in an instant an arrow laid him dead at his feet.

The news of this event ran like an electric spark among the friends of liberty, and threatened to bring on too quickly the movement planned by Fürst and his asso-

H. KAULBACH.

TELL'S FLIGHT.

ciates. But such was their prudence that the excitement passed away and stratagem was used rather than force.

It was an important object to get possession of the strong castle of Rotzberg. Here dwelt a maiden beloved by a Swiss youth named Wolfgang. She was persuaded by her lover to admit him into her room at night by means of a ladder let down from her window. He ascended, several of his companions followed, and the castle was taken without bloodshed.

Early on the following morning a select party of the brave inhabitants of Unterwalden met Landenberg as he was going from the castle of Sarnen to the parish church, to be present at the celebration of mass on New Year's day. They were loaded with presents, which, according to the custom of the times, were offered at this season to men in power.

A troop of thirty or more lay in ambush near the walls, ready to appear upon the first alarm. Delighted with the liberality of the offering, which had been purposely made larger than usual, the governor invited them into the castle. But no sooner had they gained admittance into the court than the expected signal was given by a blast upon a horn. The men without flew to the assistance of their friends. They seized upon the bridge and the magazine of arms before the little garrison was prepared to resist. Terrified by the suddenness of the attack, and ignorant of the numbers by which they were assailed, they threw down their swords and surrendered, upon the promise of their lives.

The patriots, who had now risen on all sides, were everywhere equally fortunate. In the course of one day, five castles were taken and given to the flames; and with them was every vestige of despotism wiped out.

History shows few events more extraordinary than this. The prisoners were treated with generosity, and, being led to the frontiers, were released, upon a solemn promise that they would never more pollute the land of freedom. Indeed, except in the single instance of Gessler, who fell a victim of his own rashness, not one drop of blood was shed.

The welcome news flew quickly from mountain to mountain. Every goatherd at once threw aside his pipe and crook, and armed in the common cause. Stauffacher, Melchthal, Tell, and Walter Fürst were received by their rejoicing countrymen with every demonstration of gratitude which the simplicity of rustic manners would allow. The joy was universal. The wealthy farmer set wide his hospitable door to his poorer neighbor, and amid the festivity the names of their deliverers resounded with blessings from every tongue. It was the triumph of innocence over the unjust attempts of despotism.

CHAPEL OF TELL, LAKE LUCERNE.

XLVI. THE SABBATH.

By James Grahame (1765—1811).

HOW still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Or tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear, — the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the riverside,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes — yet fears presumption in the hope —
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recall;
Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowèd down, the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased —
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God, — these, spite of all their ills,

A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, "With harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;" harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . . .

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne
The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homewards from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. O blissful days,
When all men worship God as conscience wills!
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,—
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

XLVII. TO AUTUMN.

By John Keats.[1]

(1795–1821.)

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run:
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;

[1] John Keats was a noted English poet, a contemporary and companion of Shelley and Leigh Hunt. "Endymion" was his most ambitious and imaginative work. "Lamia," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other of his later poems show a finer touch, but everything he wrote bears evidence of a rare poetic genius. Keats died at the youthful age of 26.

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The Redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

LEXICON.

A-boon′, above.
Ad′dled, spoiled; muddled.
Ad′ver-sa-ry, enemy; opponent.
Ag-ga-ḡeer′, an African animal hunter.
A-ghast′, terrified; amazed.
A-kim′bo, with hands on hips, and elbows turned outward.
Al-leged′ (al-ledjd′), said; claimed.
Am-phi-the′a-ter, a circular building, or place, with rising sides all round.
An′cient (ān′shent), a flag or ensign.
An-ni′hi-late, destroy utterly.
An-tip′a-thy, strong dislike.
Aph′i-des (af′i-dēz), species of insect.
Ap-pa-rī′tion, a startling sight or form.
Ap-pren′tice, one who is legally bound to serve another.
A-skance′, sideways.
As-sev-er-a′tion, assertion.
As-sid′u-ous-ly, diligently.
As′sig-nats, currency of France during the Revolution.
As-suage′ (as-swāge′), soothe; allay.
A-thwart′, across.
Au′gur, a soothsayer or diviner; to foretell.
Aus-pī′cious (-shus), prosperous.
Aus-ter′i-ty, sternness; severity.
A-vaunt′, begone; depart.

Bal′dric (bawl′dric), a broad belt.
Ba-rom′e-ter, an instrument which indicates the prospective changes of weather.
Be-queathed′, left by will.
Bir′kie, fellow.
Bla′zoned, published far and wide.
Bourn (bo͞orn), bound; limit.
Bout, contest; round.
Brooch (brōch), a breastpin.
Bul′rush, a tall species of rush or reed.
Buoy′ant (boy′ant), light; vivacious.
Buoyed (boyd), kept afloat.
Burgh′er (burg′er), dweller in a burgh, or borough.

Can′ker-ing, eating into; corroding.
Ca-pa-bil′i-ties, abilities; capacities.
Ca-paç′i-ty, ability of being or doing.
Cap′il-la-ry, having very small tubes.
Ca-price′ (ka-prees′), whim; fancy.
Car-ron-ade′, a short cannon.
Cham-paign′, a level, open country.
Chiv′al-ry, spirit of knight-errantry.
Choir (quire), a company of singers.
Cir-cum-spec′tion, looking around; care.
Cit′a-del, a stronghold.
Clay′more, a large sword used by Scotch Highlanders.
Clem′en-cy, kindness; gentleness.
Co′ble, a small fishing boat.
Coc′ci, species of insect.
Co-los′sal, very large; huge.
Com-mod′i-ty, article.
Com-mu′ni-ty, a body of people living near together.
Com-pas′sion-ate, tender; merciful.
Com-pre-hen′sive-ness, extensiveness of scope or understanding.
Com-pu-ta′tion, reckoning; calculation.
Con-fed′er-ate, banded together.
Con-jec′ture, surmise.

Con-nu'bi-al, pertaining to marriage.
Con-vulsed', shaken; agitated greatly.
Coof, blockhead; coward.
Cor-rob'o-rate, confirm.
Corse, corpse; dead body.
Cor-vette', a warship ranking next below a frigate.
Cov'ert, a hiding place.
Cre-den'tials, that which gives title to credit.
Crev'ice, crack; cleft.
Cri'sis, a decisive point of time.
Cro'nies, boon companions.
Crook, shepherd's long crooked staff.
Croupe, hinder part of a saddle.
Cul'pa-ble, deserving blame.

Da-guer're-an (da-gĕr're-an), pertaining to the daguerreotype.
De-cliv'i-ty, a steep slope.
De-crep'it, weak; feeble.
De'-i-fied, changed into a god.
De-mesnes' (-mēnes'), houses and lands; proprietary estates.
Dem-on-stra'tion, proof; show.
De-spond'en-cy, sadness; despair.
Des'pot-ism, cruel ruling; tyranny.
Des-ti-na'tion, purpose; design.
Di-a-pa'son, harmony; the entire compass of musical tones.
Di-min'u-tive, very small.
Dis-af-fect'ed, not pleased; alienated in feeling.
Dis-pu-ta'tion, animated discussion.
Di-vest'ed, deprived.
Dom-i-neer'ing, overbearing.
Dom'i-nie, a schoolmaster.
Do'tard, an old fool; one in second childhood.
Durst, dared.
Du'ties, a species of tax.

E-ly'sium (e-lĭzh'um), place of happiness; Paradise.
Em-bla'zoned, displayed conspicuously.
E-merg'ing, coming out of.
Em-u-la'tion, strife to equal or excel.
En-co'mi-um, high praise.
E'phah, a Hebrew measure of 2 pecks and 5 quarts.
Ex-e-cu'tion, act of performing.
Ex-pos'tu-late, to reason earnestly; remonstrate.

Feigned (fānd), pretended.
Fir'ma-ment, the sky.
Flag'on, a liquor vessel with a narrow mouth.
Fluc-tu-a'tion, wavering; unsteadiness.
Fran'tic, wild with pain or anger.
Fron-tiers', boundaries.
Fru'gal, plain; simple.
Fu'gi-tive, one fleeing from pursuit.

Gal'liard (găl'yard), a lively dance.
Gal-li-gas'kins, loose leather breeches.
Gam'bol, sport.
Gen-er-a'tion, the average life of man.
Glebe, soil.
Gnash, to grind the teeth together.
Gowd, gold.
Gree, palm; supremacy.
Gro-tesque', very odd; ludicrous.
Guin'ea (gĭn'ny), an English coin of 21 shillings.
Gy-ra'tion, act of whirling around.

Hag, quagmire; swamp.
Har'ass, fatigue; annoy.
Har'bin-ger, messenger; precursor.
Hav'oc, ruin; waste.
He-red'i-ta-ry, inherited.
Her'mit-age, a secluded dwelling.
Hod'den-gray, coarse, undyed cloth.
Hol'ster, leather case for a pistol.
Hor'rent, bristling with points.
Hos'pi-ta-ble, kindly.
House'-wif-er-y, female domestic management.

Il-lu'sion, a false show; deception.
Im-bru'ing, soaking; drenching in blood.
Im'mi-nent, near at hand.
Im-pe'ri-ous, lordly; commanding.

Im-pet'u-ous, with violence; hotheaded.
Im-plic'it-ly, without reserve.
Im-pound'ed, held in keeping.
Im-preg'na-ble, that cannot be taken; unconquerable.
Im-pu'ni-ty, without harm.
In-ac-ces'sĭ-ble, that cannot be reached.
In-an'i-mate, lifeless.
In-censed', angry.
In-clem'ent, unpleasant; severe.
In-com-pre-hen'si-ble, not to be understood.
In-cre-du'li-ty, unbelief.
In-dis-crē'tion, imprudent behavior.
In-ev'it-a-bly, without escape; certainly.
In-ex'o-ra-ble, determined; unyielding.
In-fat'u-a-ted, possessed by foolish passion.
In-sa'tia-ble (in-sā'shā-b'l), that cannot be satisfied.
In-su'per-a-ble, that cannot be overcome.
In-sur'gent, in opposition; rebellious.
In-sur-rec'tion, a rising against government.
In-ter-ne'cine, with mutual slaughter.
In-tre-pid'i-ty, fearless bravery.
In-ured', accustomed by use; hardened.
In'ven-to-ry, list; schedule.
In-vul'ner-a-ble, that cannot be wounded.
I-tin'er-ant, wandering.

Jar'gon, unintelligible language.
Jer'kin, a short coat or jacket.
Jun'gle, a dense growth of trees and tangled shrubs.
Jun'to, a secret council.

Lar'væ, the early, immature forms of insects.
Lee'ward, in the direction toward which the wind blows.
Lig'a-tures, bands; bandages.
Lim'pet, a kind of shellfish.
Lin'e-al, in a direct line; hereditary.
Liv'id, grayish blue in color.
Lu'cid, plain; clear.

Mag-a-zine' (-zeen'), storehouse.
Mag-nan'i-mous, great minded.
Ma-lig'nant, of very wicked intent.
Mal'le-a-ble, capable of being shaped by rolling or hammering.
Man'na, miraculous food.
Mar'tial (-shal), warlike.
Maun'na fa', may not get.
Me-an'der-ing, going in a crooked course.
Mei'kle (mī'kel), mickle; much.
Men'di-cant, beggar.
Met-a-mor'phosed, changed.
Me-trop'o-lis, the largest city.
Mi-gra'tion, act of moving to a new place.
Min'ĭ-mize, to make the smallest possible.
Min'ster, church.
Mir'a-cle, a supernatural event.
Mis'cre-ant, wretch.
Moat, a deep ditch around a fort or castle.
Mo-men'tous, most important.
Myr'mi-dons, a fierce tribe of soldiers in the Trojan War; devoted followers.

Neap, low tide.
Nec'ro-man-cer, one who practices magic arts.
Nē're-id, a sea nymph.
Noc-tur'nal, pertaining to night.
Nup'tials, wedding ceremonies.

Ob'du-rate, hard-hearted; stubborn.
Ob-scu'ri-ty, being hidden; darkness.
Ob'se-quies, funeral ceremonies.
Or'a-cle, one whose answers are of supreme authority.
O'ver-ture, offer; in music, the introductory part of a composition.

Pal-i-sa'does, fences made of sharp stakes, for defense.
Par'tial (-shal), in part; inclining to favor.

Pat-ri-mo'ni-al, pertaining to ancestral inheritance.
Pen'sive, thoughtful; sad.
Per'i-win-kle, a small shellfish.
Per-tĭ-nac̣'i-ty, persistency; perseverance.
Pes'ti-lent, full of harm.
Phā'lanx (fā'lanx), a body of troops.
Phan'tom (fan'tom), an airy spirit; a specter.
Phlegm (flĕm), dullness.
Pin'na-cles, pointed tops of spires.
Pipe, a shepherd's musical instrument.
Pique (peek), vexation; resentment.
Ple-be'ian (-yan), of common origin.
Pli'a-ble, easily turned or bent.
Pock'et per-spec'tive, a spyglass.
Pol-lute', stain; defile.
Port, the left side of a ship.
Pos-ter'i-ty, offspring; descendants.
Pōs'tern, a small gate or door.
Pre-cau'tion, extreme care.
Pre-cip-i-ta'tion, haste; headlong action.
Pre-dic'a-ment, fix; situation.
Pre-med'i-ta-tion, forethought.
Pre-pos'i-tor, monitor.
Pre-sump'tu-ous, rash; taking undue liberty.
Pro-dĭ'gious, very great; wonderful.
Pro-fāned', treated irreverently; polluted.
Pro-ject'ile, a missile hurled with force.
Prom'on-to-ry, a high cape.
Prop'a-gate, produce; increase.
Pro-phĕt'ic, foretelling events.
Prow'ess, skill; military valor.
Pu-is'sant, powerful.
Punt, in football, the act of kicking the ball dropped from the hands.
Pu'pæ, insects in the adult stage.

Quiv'er-ing, trembling; quaking.

Rap'tur-ous, full of joy; ecstatic.
Re-it'er-a-ted, repeated.
Res-to-ra'tion, act of restoring.
Ret'i-nue, train of attendants.
Roys'ters, blustering fellows.
Ru'bi-cund, red; ruddy.
Ru-mi-na'tion, deep thought.

Sap'phire (saf'fire), a blue precious stone.
Scab'bard, sheath for a sword.
Scaur (skawr), a steep bank or rock.
Sc̣im'i-ter, a sharp curved saber.
Sc̣ythe, an implement for mowing.
Sep'ul-cher, a tomb.
Serv'i-tor, a servant.
Shag'ged, rough.
Shrew, a vexatious woman.
Sig'net, a seal.
Sĭ-mil'i-tude, likeness.
Sin'ew, tendon; muscle.
Sin'is-ter, evil; disastrous.
Slui'ces (slū'ces), artificial passages for water.
Sole, the bottom part, especially of the foot.
Sooth'less, untruthful.
Sop-o-rif'er-ous, causing sleep.
Soused, pounced; plunged in water.
Sprite, a spirit.
Spume, foam.
Stalk'ing, taking game by stealthy approach.
Stang, a rod or perch.
Ster'ile, barren; that cannot reproduce.
Stooks, sheaves.
Strat'a-gem, an artifice in war; secret plot.
Sub'sĭ-dies, government grants; voluntary aids.
Suit'or, one who sues; a petitioner or lover.
Sup'ple, easily bent; yielding.
Sup'pli-cant, a petitioner; one asking for favors.
Sur'feit, an over-supply.
Swarth'y, dark complexion; tawny.

Tar'tan, a Scotch plaid cloth.
Ten'ets, beliefs; doctrines.
Ter'ma-gant, a scolding woman.

Tex'ture, woven fabric.
Thrall, bondage; servitude.
Tin'sel, shining material for ornament; gaudy.
Ti-tan'ic, tremendous; gigantic.
To'co, punishment.
Tor'por, state of quiet or sleep.
Tran-quil'li-ty, calm; peacefulness.
Tran'sept, that part of a church between the nave and the choir.
Trans-fig'ure, change; transform.
Trench'er, a large wooden platter.
Trough (trŏff), a long hollow vessel for holding water; a depression.
Tryst'ing, an appointment; a meeting.
Tyr'an-nous, unjustly severe.

U-biq'ui-ty, being everywhere at the same time.
Un-bri'dled, not restrained; violent.
Un-couth' (-kooth), awkward; boorish.
Unc'tu-ous, oily; suave in manner.
U-ni-ver'sal, unlimited in extent.
Un-sa'vory, unpleasant to the taste or smell.

Vag'a-bond, one who wanders; a tramp.
Van'guard, the troops in the front rank.
Ves'tige, trace; sign.
Vi'cious-ly (vish'us-ly), wickedly.
Vig'il (vij'il), watch; wakefulness.
Vi-rā'go, a turbulent woman; a vixen.
Vis'age (viz'aj), face; countenance.
Vo-lup'tu-ous, pleasure loving; sensual.
Vo-ra'cious (-shus), greedy in eating.

Ween, think; imagine.
Wis, think; imagine.

Yeo'man (yō'man), a bodyguard.

Zeph'yrs, gentle breezes.
Zones, belts.

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